BUCKY *and* TORO
in

YOUNG ALLIES

COMICS

NO. 20
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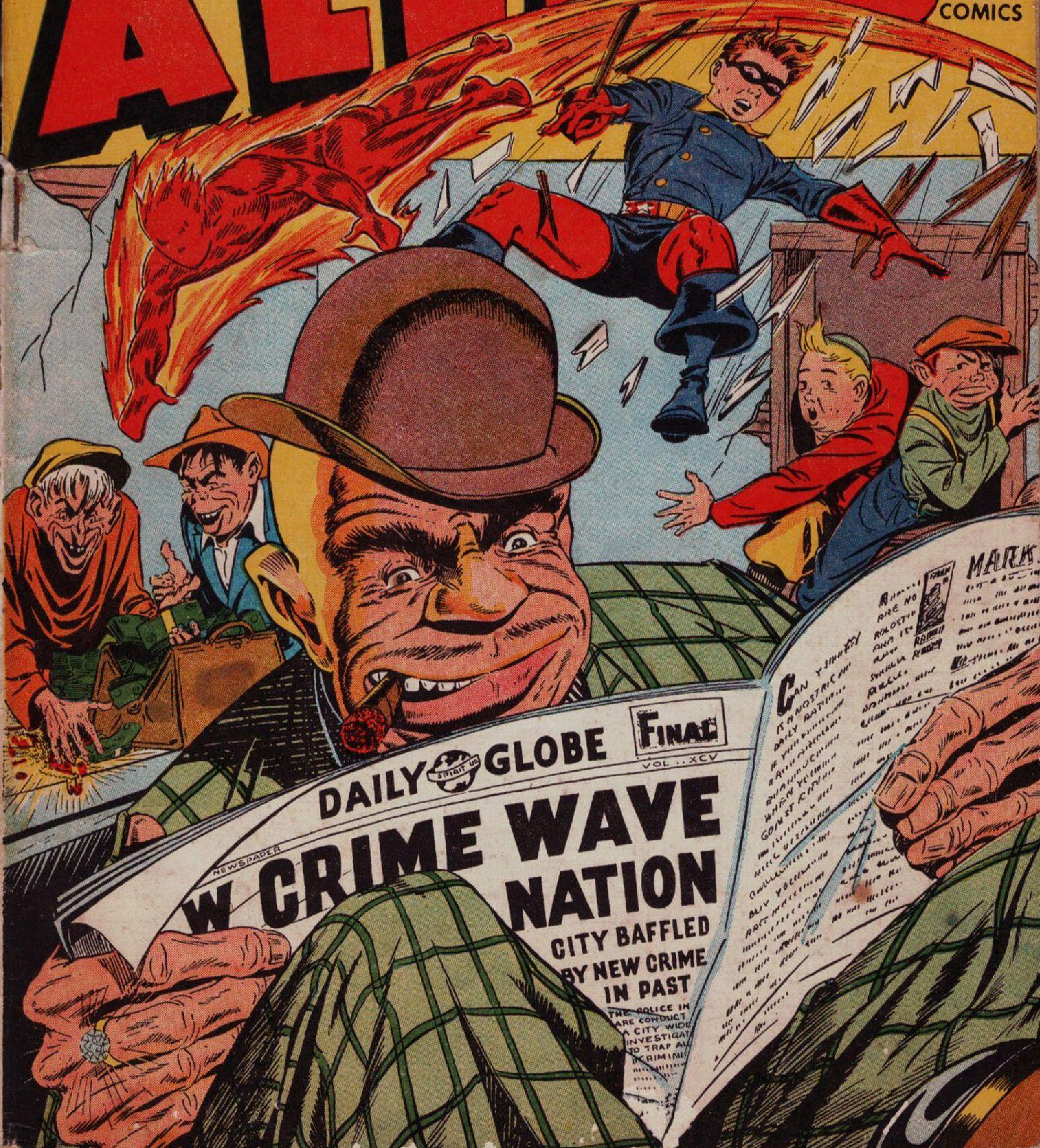
10¢


DAILY GLOBE
SPIRIT UA
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NEWSPAPER
W CRIME WAVE
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IN PAST
THE POLICE IN
ARE CONDUCT
A CITY WIDE
INVESTIGAT
TO TRAP AL
CRIMINI
MARK

CAP PISTOL

THE IDEAL TOY FOR BOYS!

"ARMY OFFICERS"

.45 REPEATING AUTOMATIC

Only $1.95

FIRES 50 ROUNDS WITHOUT RE-LOADING

Barrel Actually Smokes When Fired! Easy to Use—Load!

Boy-oh-boy! This is the cap pistol you've been waiting for! It's a large-size model of the Colt .45 Automatic carried by Army Officers during the war. Feels and handles like the real thing! Shoots with a "bang!" every time you pull the trigger . . . with or without caps! And listen to this! It's post-war constructed inside and out of long-lasting aluminum and steel, with a beautiful, lustrous plastic grip. Pistol "breaks" open for easy inside loading of caps! Fires 50 rounds—one after the other—with one loading!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Rush your order today for this amazing realistic repeating cap pistol and ammunition. Use coupon below. Inspect and use pistol for 10 days. If you are not delighted, return it and your money will be refunded. Enclose total amount of your order with coupon. Pistol and ammunition will be shipped to you express charges collect. Hurry! Quantity limited! Rush your order now!

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Pistol "BREAKS" Open for BREECH LOADING

Snap pistol open! Insert roll caps! Snap pistol shut! It's ready for easy firing . . . 50 rounds without reloading!

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ORDER AMMUNITION

Box of 250 Rounds of Caps .	15c each
Box of 750 Rounds of Caps . .	. 45c each
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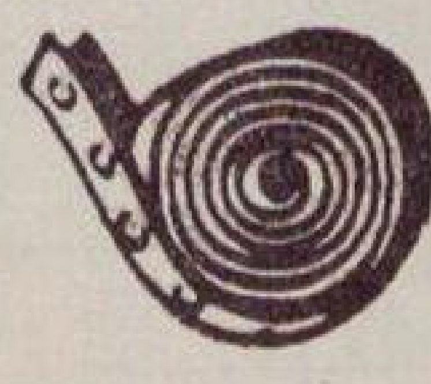
Have more fun with your repeating cap pistol. Keep a good supply of roll caps on hand.



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I enclose $.......... .... Please rush .... Cap Pistols, and ammunition as checked below. Please ship to me express charges collect. If I am not delighted with pistol, I can return it in 10 days and get my money back.

______Boxes of 250 Rounds of Caps at 15c per box . . . . $______
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______Boxes of 1750 Rounds of Caps at $1.00 per box . . $______
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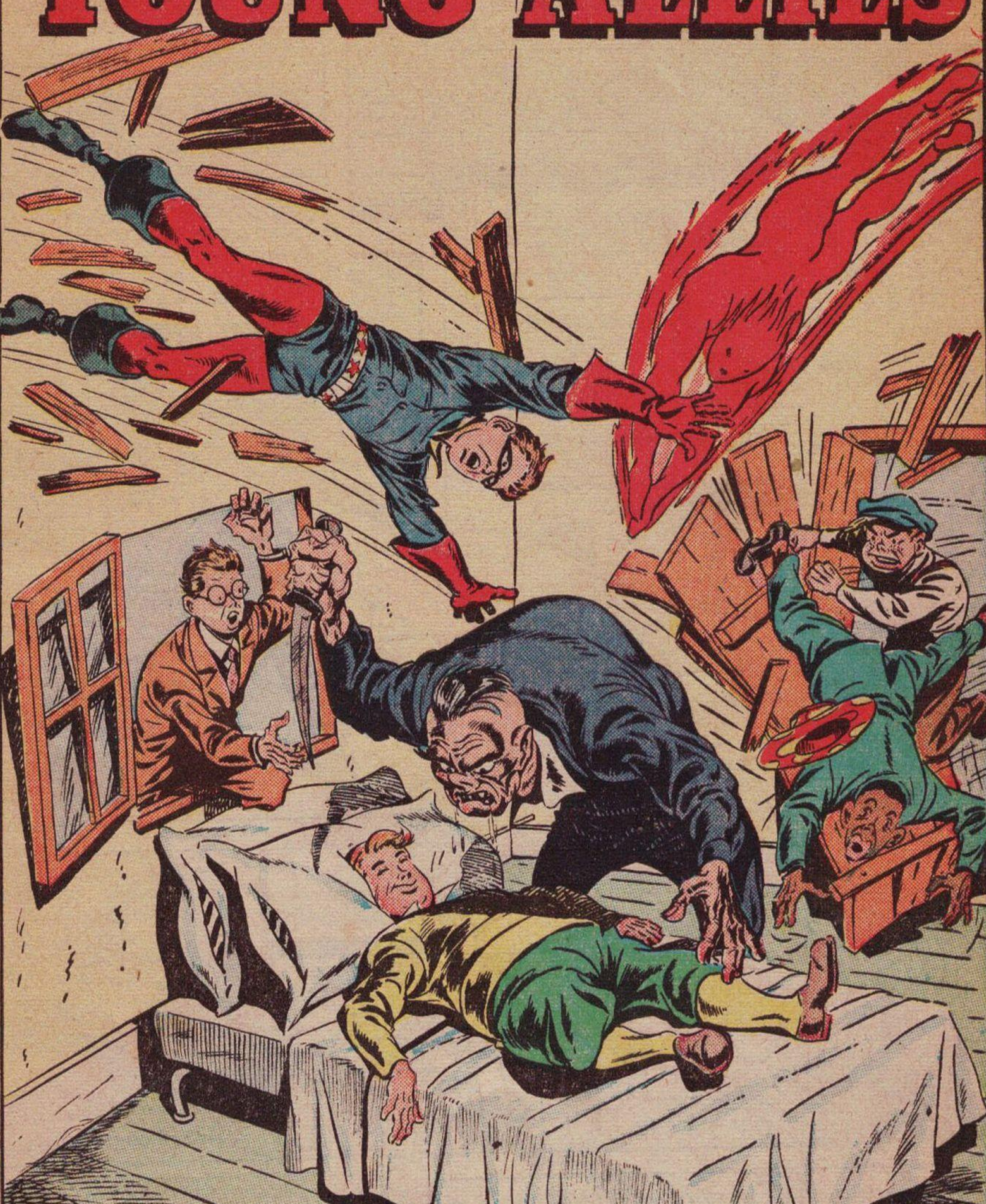
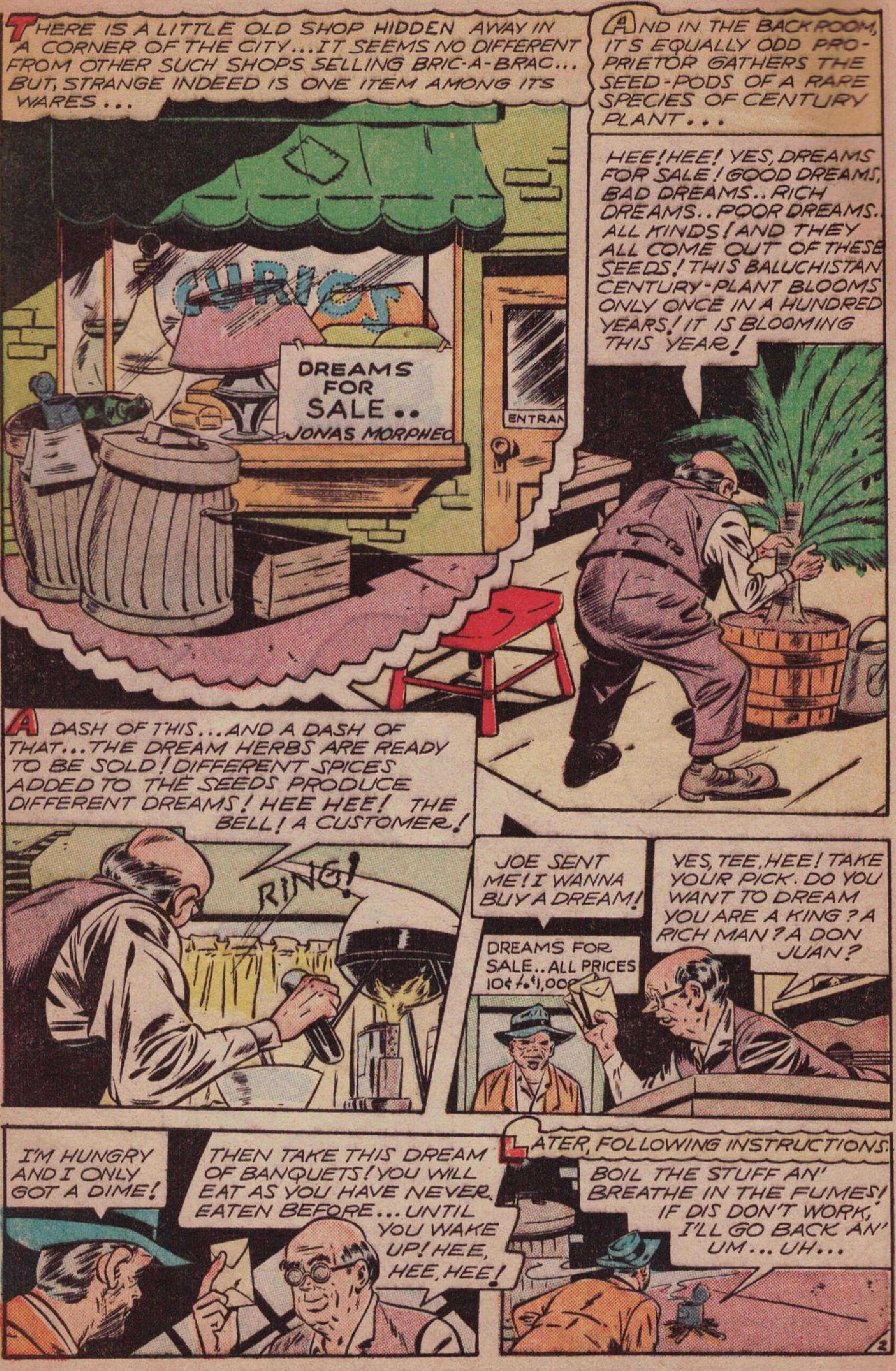
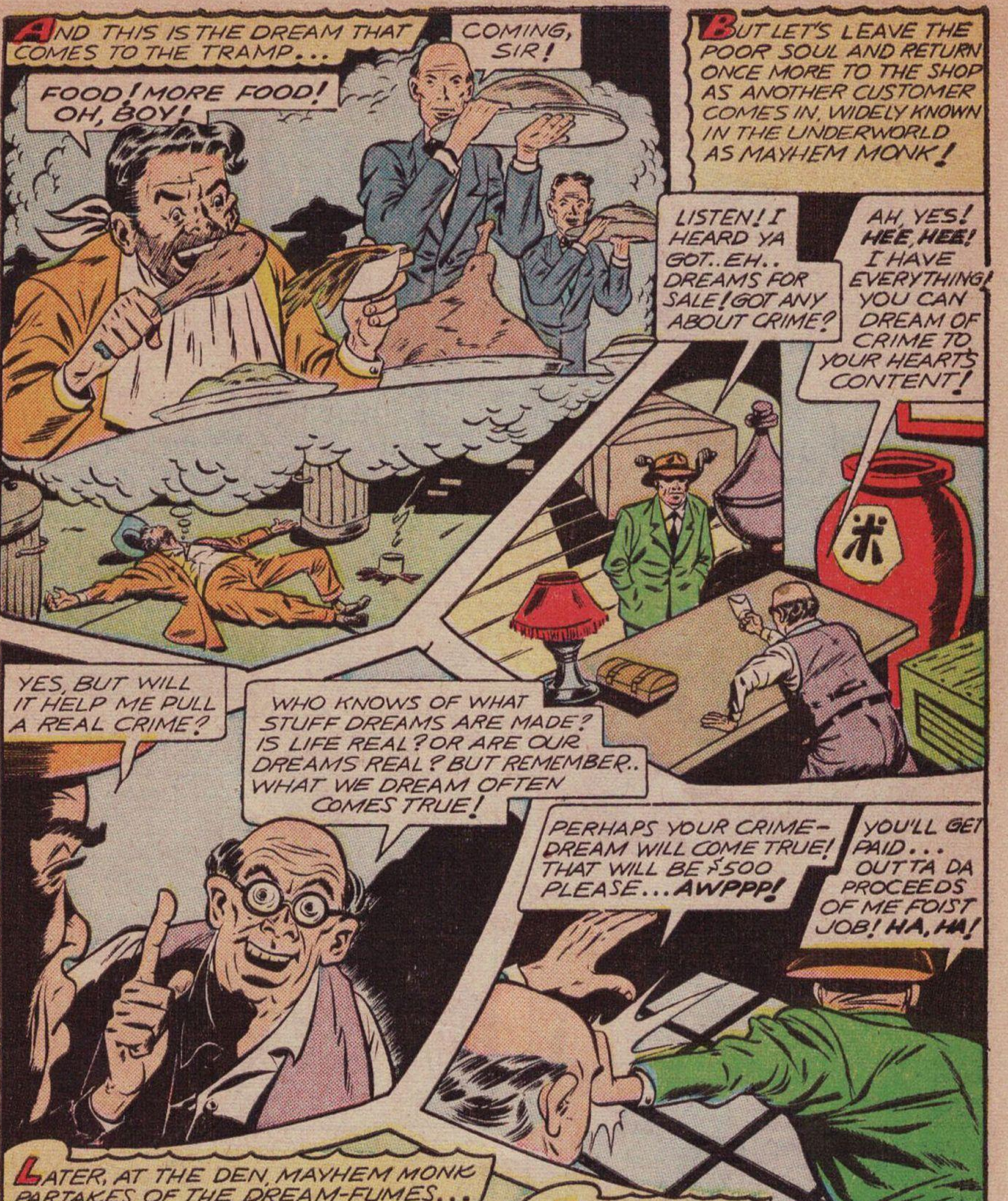
YOUNG ALLIES



WHAT IS THE STUFF OF WHICH DREAMS ARE MADE? IS THERE A STRANGE WORLD WHERE REALITY AND DREAMS MEET? DO THE PHANTOMS OF DREAMS HAVE AN UNCANNY LIFE OF THEIR OWN? THE **YOUNG ALLIES** HAVE THEIR STRANGEST ADVENTURE WHEN THEY HAPPEN UPON JONAS MORPHEO, THE MAN WHO ADVERTISES...

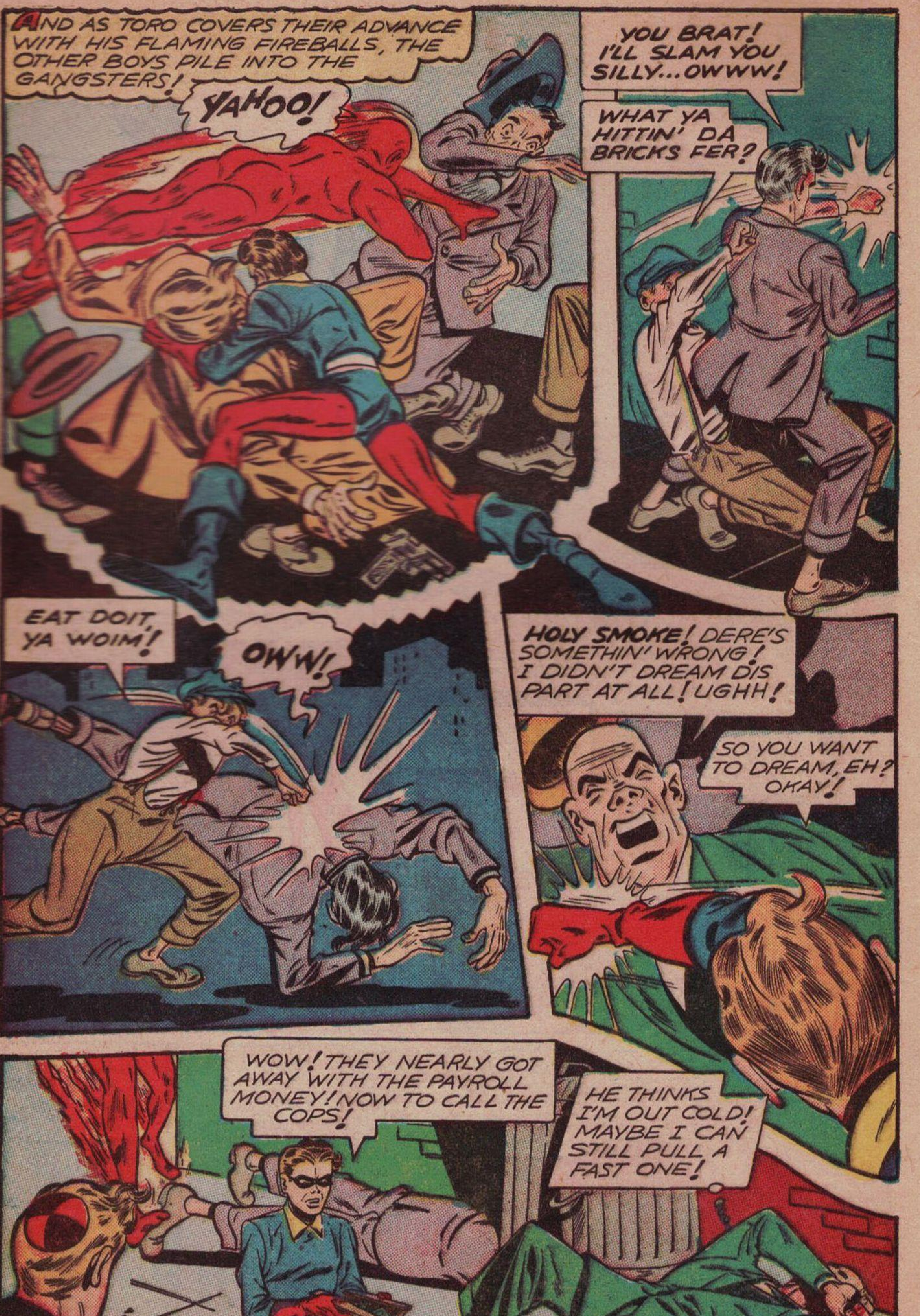
"DREAMS FOR SALE!"

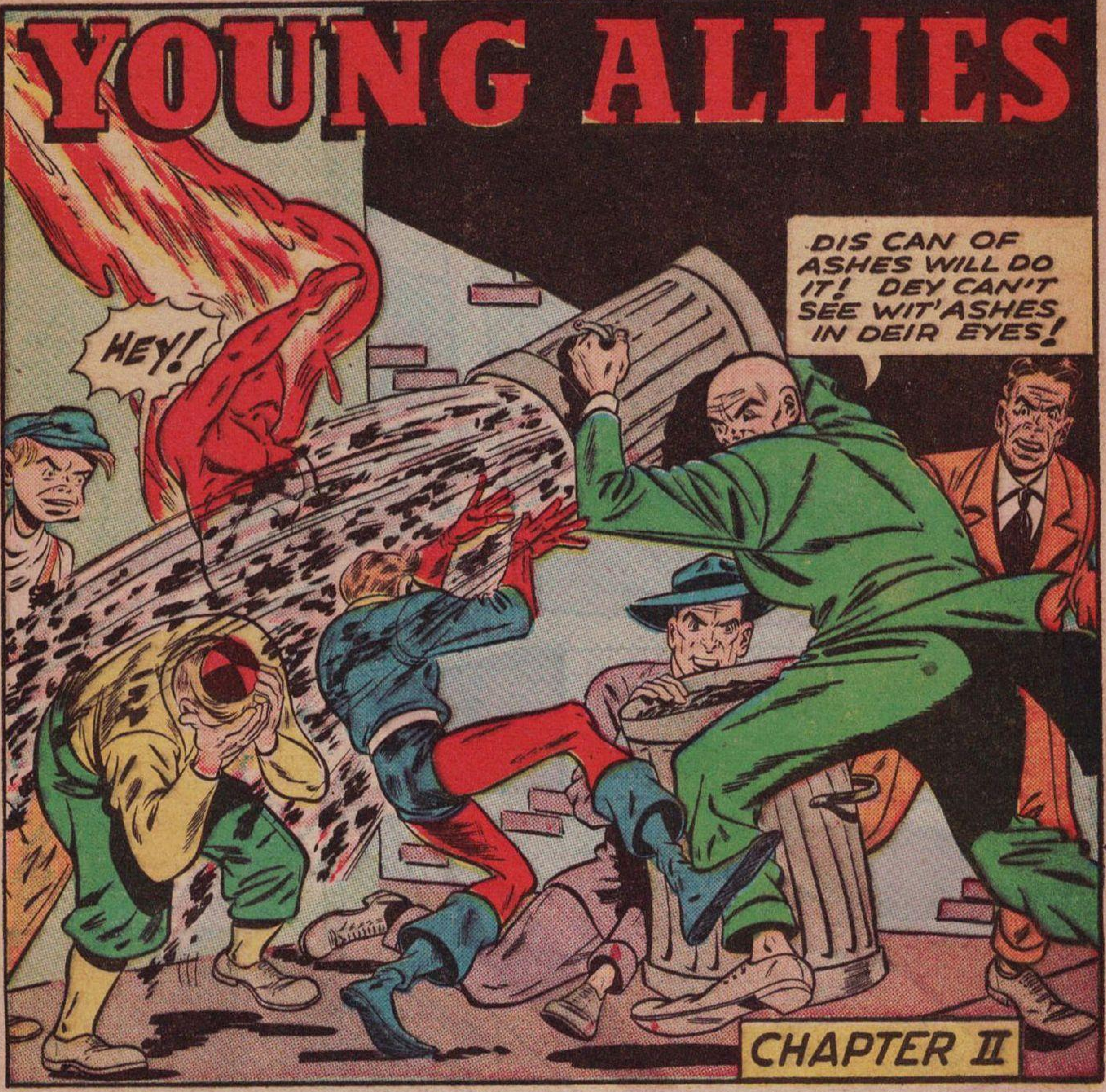

THERE IS A LITTLE OLD SHOP HIDDEN AWAY IN A CORNER OF THE CITY... IT SEEMS NO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SUCH SHOPS SELLING BRIC-A-BRAC... BUT, STRANGE INDEED IS ONE ITEM AMONG ITS WARES...
CURIOS
DREAMS FOR SALE.. JONAS MORPHEO
ENTRAN
AND IN THE BACKROOM, ITS EQUALLY ODD PROPRIETOR GATHERS THE SEED-PODS OF A RARE SPECIES OF CENTURY PLANT...
HEE! HEE! YES, DREAMS FOR SALE! GOOD DREAMS, BAD DREAMS.. RICH DREAMS.. POOR DREAMS.. ALL KINDS! AND THEY ALL COME OUT OF THESE SEEDS! THIS BALUCHISTAN CENTURY-PLANT BLOOMS ONLY ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS! IT IS BLOOMING THIS YEAR!
A DASH OF THIS... AND A DASH OF THAT... THE DREAM HERBS ARE READY TO BE SOLD! DIFFERENT SPICES ADDED TO THE SEEDS PRODUCE DIFFERENT DREAMS! HEE HEE! THE BELL! A CUSTOMER!
RING!
JOE SENT ME! I WANNA BUY A DREAM!
DREAMS FOR SALE.. ALL PRICES 10¢ to $1,00
YES, TEE, HEE! TAKE YOUR PICK. DO YOU WANT TO DREAM YOU ARE A KING? A RICH MAN? A DON JUAN?
I'M HUNGRY AND I ONLY GOT A DIME!
THEN TAKE THIS DREAM OF BANQUETS! YOU WILL EAT AS YOU HAVE NEVER EATEN BEFORE... UNTIL YOU WAKE UP! HEE, HEE, HEE!
LATER, FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS...
BOIL THE STUFF AN' BREATHE IN THE FUMES! IF DIS DON'T WORK, I'LL GO BACK AN' UM... UH...

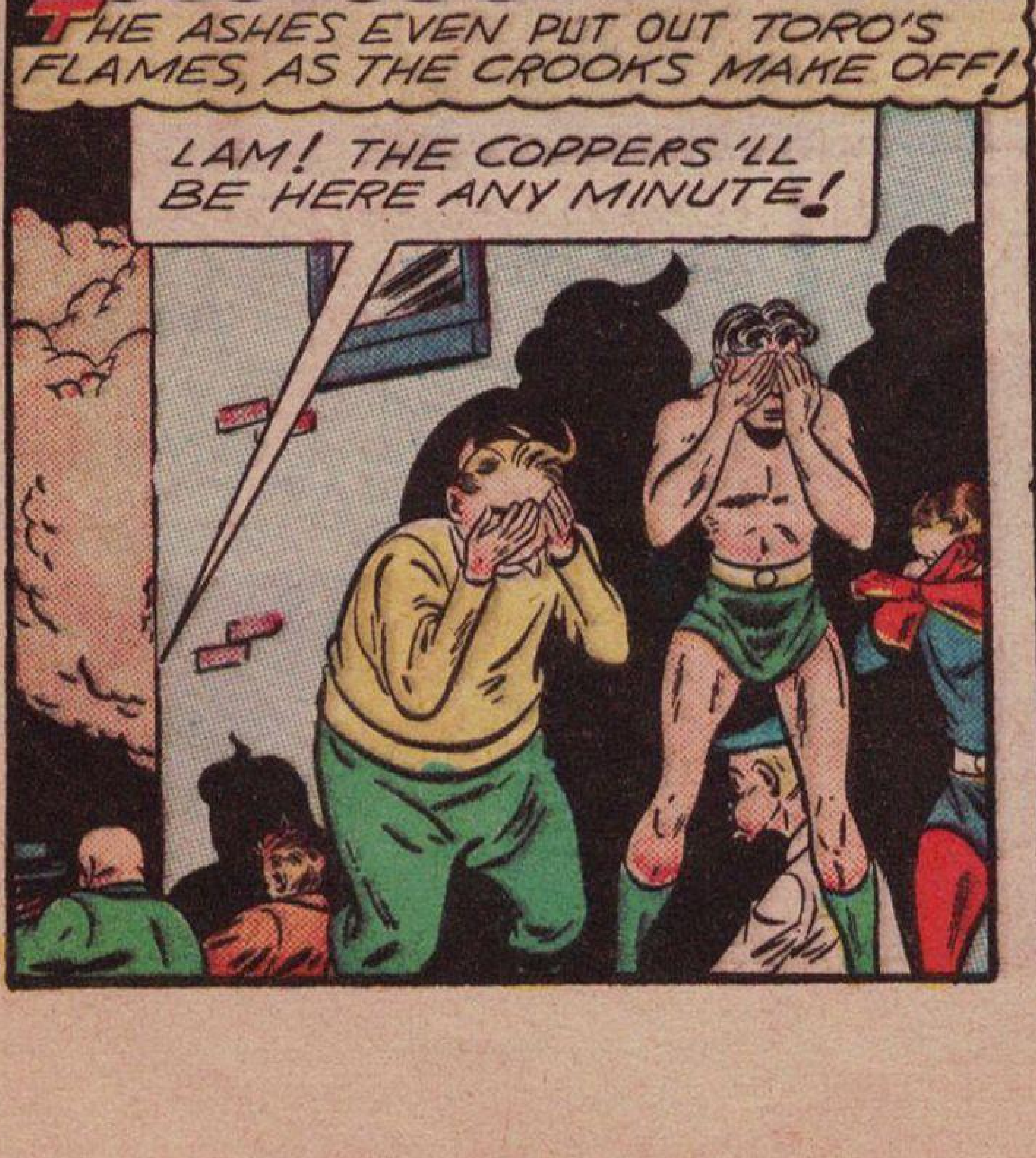

AND THIS IS THE DREAM THAT COMES TO THE TRAMP...
COMING, SIR!
FOOD! MORE FOOD! OH, BOY!
BUT LET'S LEAVE THE POOR SOUL AND RETURN ONCE MORE TO THE SHOP AS ANOTHER CUSTOMER COMES IN, WIDELY KNOWN IN THE UNDERWORLD AS MAYHEM MONK!
LISTEN! I HEARD YA GOT.. EH.. DREAMS FOR SALE! GOT ANY ABOUT CRIME?
AH, YES! HEE, HEE! I HAVE EVERYTHING! YOU CAN DREAM OF CRIME TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT!
YES, BUT WILL IT HELP ME PULL A REAL CRIME?
WHO KNOWS OF WHAT STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE? IS LIFE REAL? OR ARE OUR DREAMS REAL? BUT REMEMBER.. WHAT WE DREAM OFTEN COMES TRUE!
PERHAPS YOUR CRIME-DREAM WILL COME TRUE! THAT WILL BE $500 PLEASE... AWPPP!
YOU'LL GET PAID... OUTTA DA PROCEEDS OF ME FOIST JOB! HA, HA!
LATER, AT THE DEN, MAYHEM MONK PARTAKES OF THE DREAM-FUMES...
HEY, BOSS, OF ALL THE GOOFY..
SHADDUP! WE AIN'T BEEN DOIN' SO HOT LATELY! I'M GONNA TRY DIS DREAM STUFF! DON'T BOTHER ME NOW... UH... UM...
AND A DREAM COMES TO MAYHEM MONK...
DAT LITTLE GUY IS CARRYIN' DA PAYROLL FOR A BIG COMPANY! NOW, BOYS!

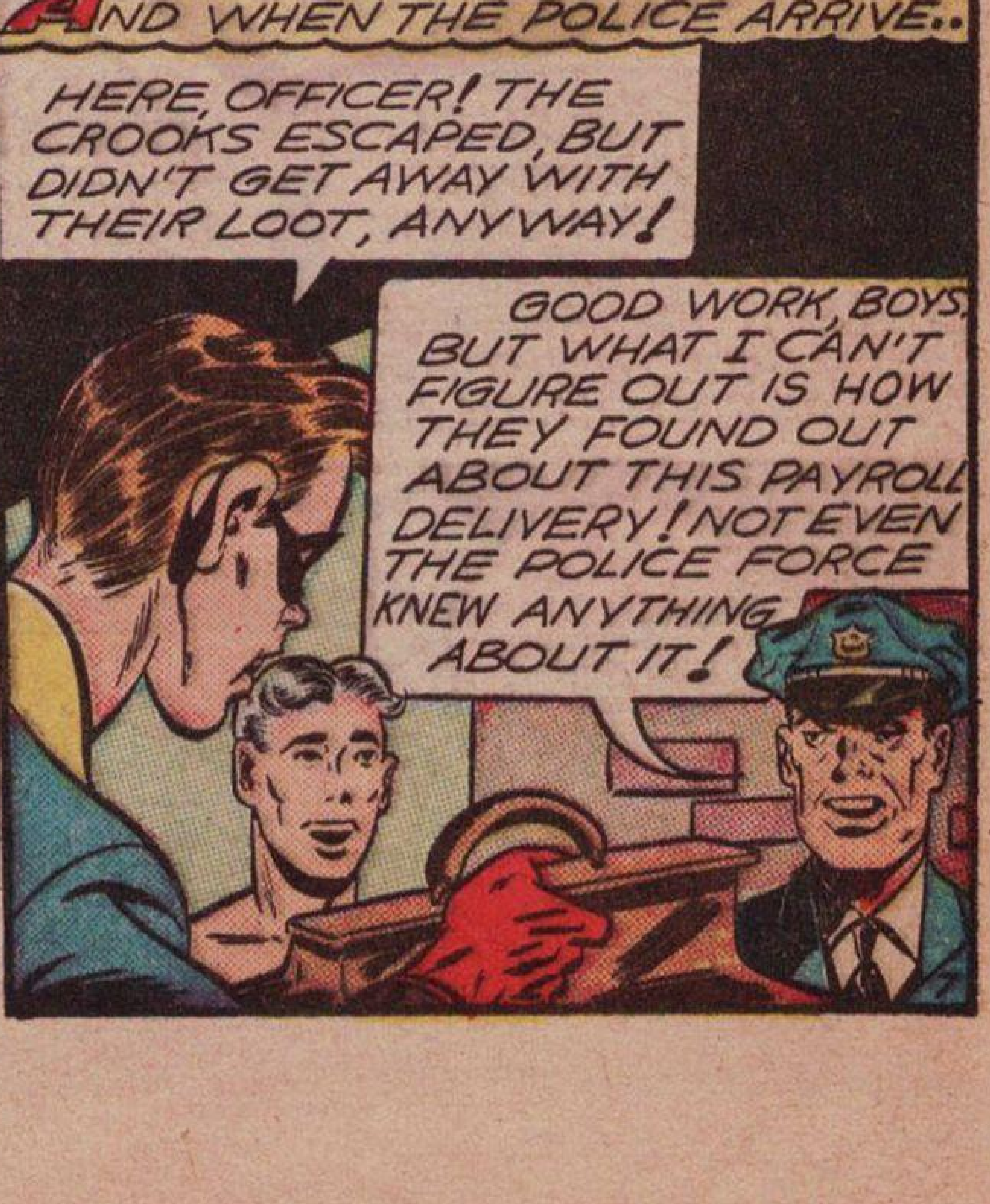
BUT, BOSS! HOW D'YA KNOW THAT'S A PAYROLL?
HOW DO I KNOW? IT'S A DREAM, AIN'T IT? IN A DREAM YOU KNOW EVERYTHING! C'MON!
WATCH DA GUARD! GET HIM FIRST!
BANDITS! I'LL... AGHH!
NO COPS AROUND! DIS WAS A CINCH! $10,000 IN COLD CASH! HA-HA!
NOBODY TO STOP US FROM MAKING A GETAWAY!
AND AS MONK AWAKES FROM HIS TRIUMPHANT DREAM....
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, BOSS?
HA! HA! HA! WE'RE GOING OUT AN' GRAB DAT TEN GRAND! I GOT A HUNCH DAT DREAM IS GONNA COME TRUE! I EVEN DREAMED WHERE TA GO... CENTER AND OAK! LET'S GO!
PAYROLL? WHO TOLD YA, BOSS?
WHO TOLD ME? I DREAMED IT, YA DUMMY! NOW, C'MON!
WHAT WEIRD AND UNCANNY HAND IS HOLDING THE STRINGS OF FATE? ONLY A SHORT TIME LATER...
DAT LITTLE GUY CARRIES DA PAYROLL! DA BIG GUY IS A PLAIN-CLOTHES GUARD! GOT IT STRAIGHT, BOYS?

AND THE REAL LIFE CRIME UNFOLDS EXACTLY AS IN THE DREAM!
DAT GUARD'LL TRY TO PULL HIS GUN! GET HIM FIRST!
ROBBERS! AGGHH!
JUST LIKE IN DA DREAM! HA, HA! NO COPS AROUND! NOBODY TO STOP US!
BUT PERHAPS MONK DIDN'T DREAM DEEPLY ENOUGH! BECAUSE JUST AROUND THE CORNER, THE SHOTS HAVE BEEN HEARD BY NONE OTHER THAN.. THE YOUNG ALLIES!
HEY! DOSE WUZ SHOTS!
WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!
GOLLY! TWO MEN SHOT! WHO DID IT?
LOOK! THERE GO THE KILLERS INTO THAT ALLEY!
WITHOUT HESITATION, THE GALLANT YOUNG ALLIES RACE FORWARD IN PURSUIT!
HEY, BOSS! SOMEBODY'S CHASIN' US!
ONLY KIDS! SCARE 'EM OFF!
BULLETS! DUCK! AND FLAME ON, TORO!

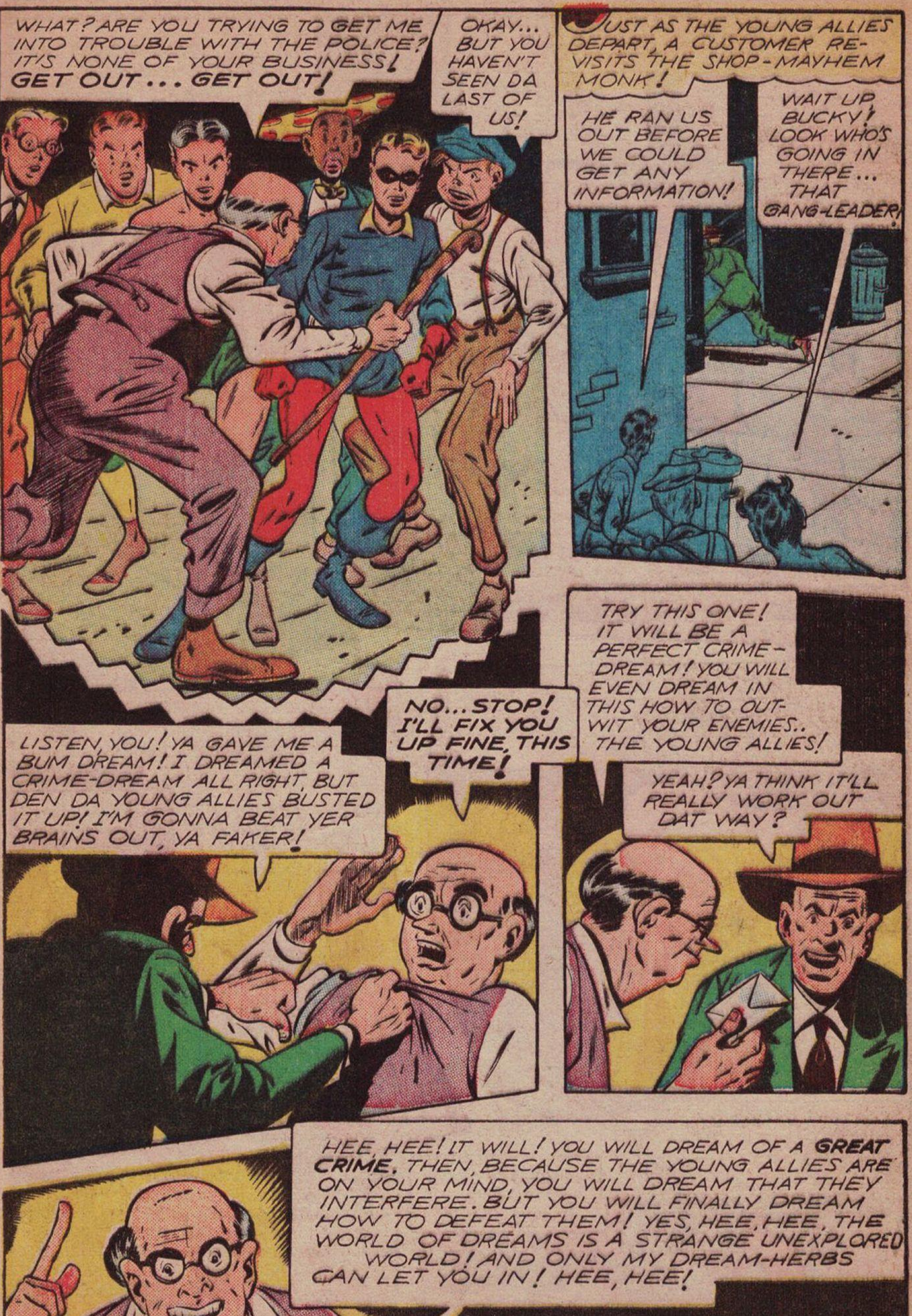

AND AS TORO COVERS THEIR ADVANCE WITH HIS FLAMING FIREBALLS, THE OTHER BOYS PILE INTO THE GANGSTERS!
YAHOO!
YOU BRAT! I'LL SLAM YOU SILLY...OWWW!
WHAT YA HITTIN' DA BRICKS FER?
EAT DOIT, YA WOIM!
OWW!
HOLY SMOKE! DERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG! I DIDN'T DREAM DIS PART AT ALL! UGHH!
SO YOU WANT TO DREAM, EH? OKAY!
WOW! THEY NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH THE PAYROLL MONEY! NOW TO CALL THE COPS!
HE THINKS I'M OUT COLD! MAYBE I CAN STILL PULL A FAST ONE!

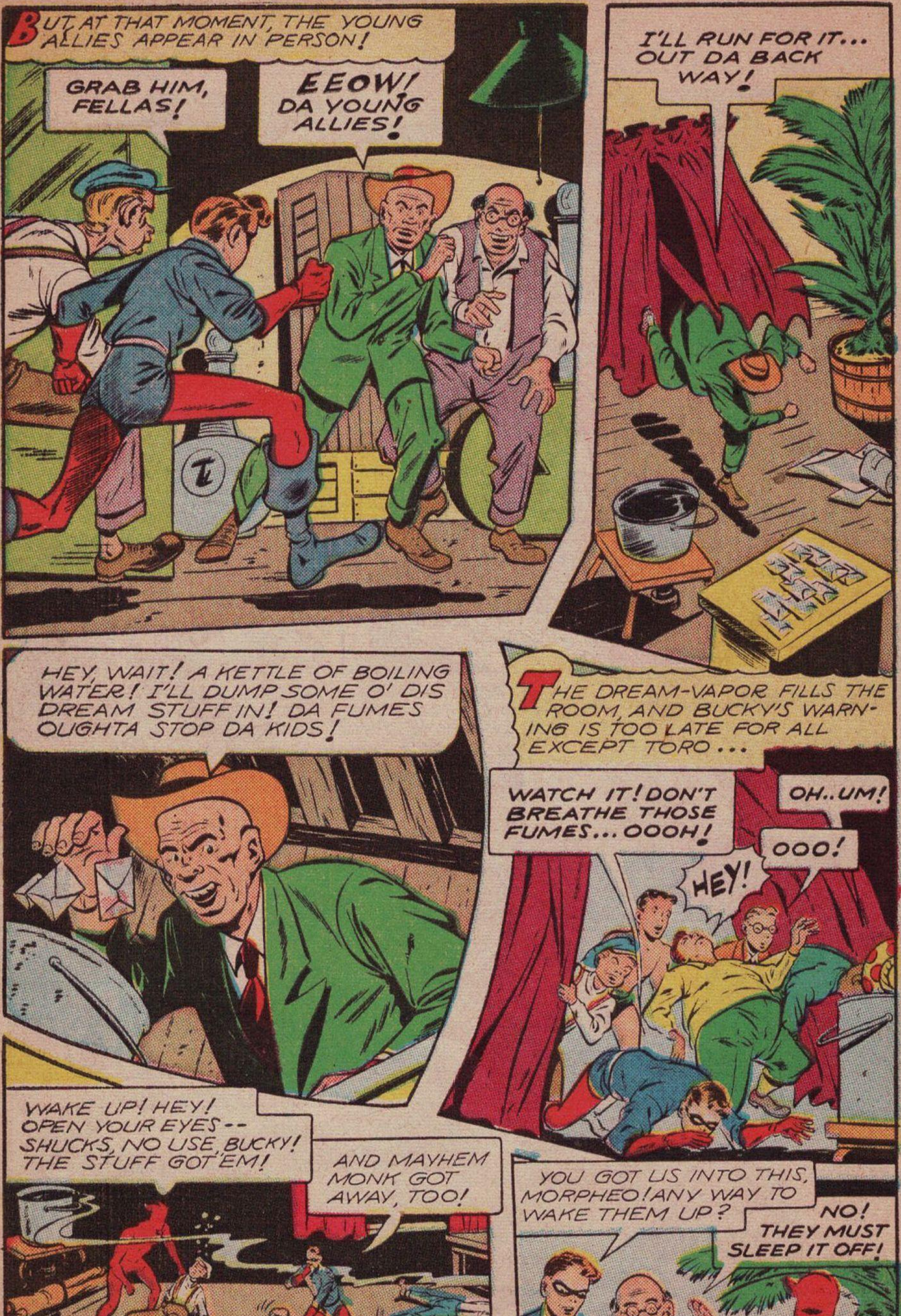

YOUNG ALLIES
HEY!
DIS CAN OF ASHES WILL DO IT! DEY CAN'T SEE WIT' ASHES IN DEIR EYES!
CHAPTER II


THE ASHES EVEN PUT OUT TORO'S FLAMES, AS THE CROOKS MAKE OFF!
LAM! THE COPPERS 'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

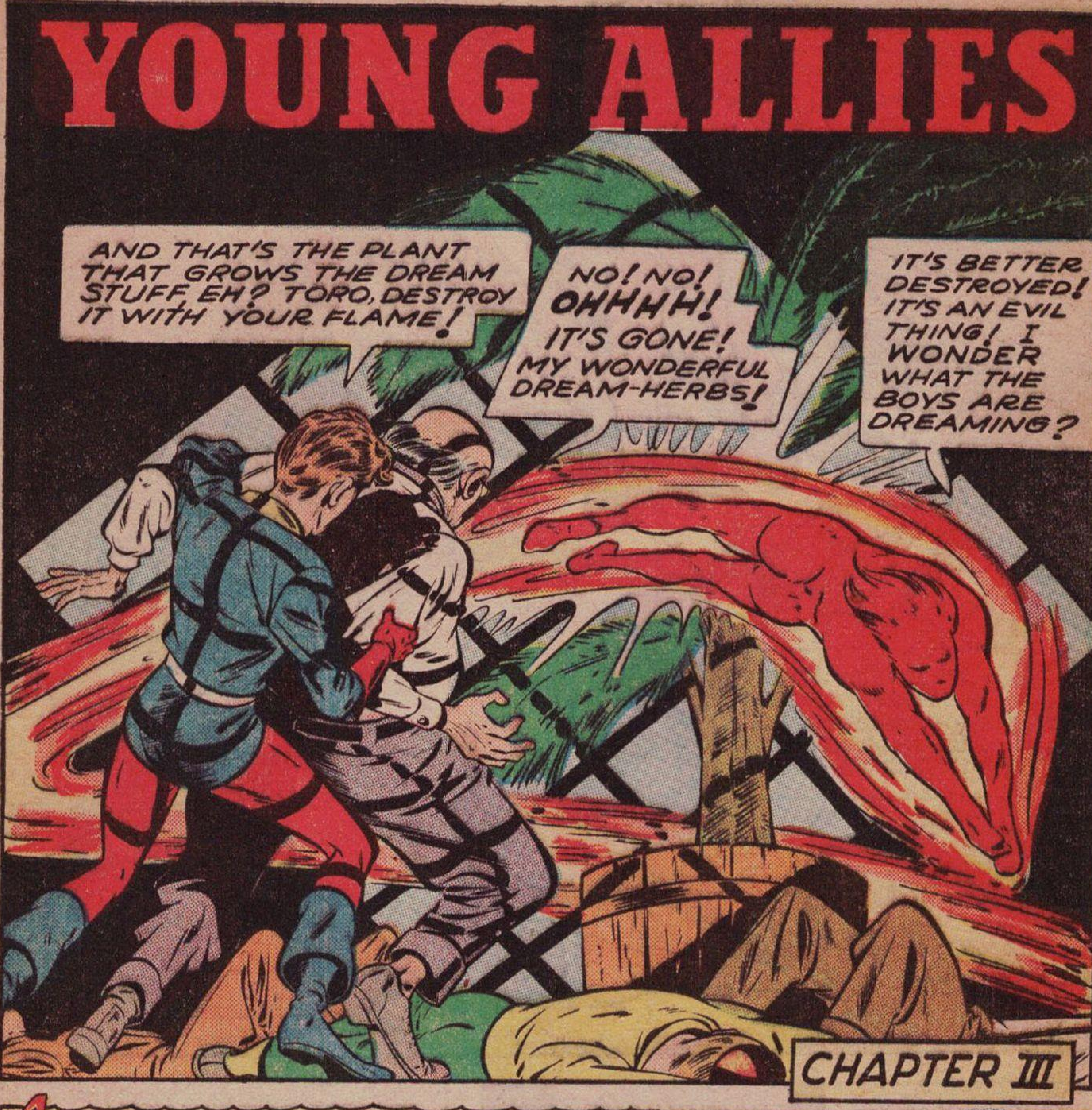

AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE..
HERE, OFFICER! THE CROOKS ESCAPED, BUT DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH THEIR LOOT, ANYWAY!
GOOD WORK, BOYS. BUT WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS HOW THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS PAYROLL DELIVERY! NOT EVEN THE POLICE FORCE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

JEEPERS! IT SURE IS FUNNY! HOW COULD THE CROOKS KNOW SOMETHING SO SECRET, UNLESS... HM... THEY DREAMED IT UP, OR SOMETHING ?
DREAMS! HEY, THAT REMINDS ME. THE GANG-LEADER MENTIONED A DREAM---JUST AS THOUGH HE DID DREAM... OH SHUCKS, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT WHITEWASH MAKES A FIND...
GATHER 'ROUND, FELLAS - AN' LOOKA DIS HERE CARD! IT SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT DREAMS TOO!
HOLY HANNAH! "CRIME DREAM. DREAMS FOR SALE!" WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THIS MORPHEO'S SHOP AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
CRIME DREAM $500
DREAMS FOR SALE
Jonas Morpheo
MARKET CIRCLE
THIS IS THE PLACE...
HOW KIN ANYONE SELL DREAMS? IT'S CRAZY, DAT'S WHAT IT IS!
DREAMS FOR SALE
DREAMS FOR SALE! HEE, HEE! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, BOYS? HOW ABOUT A NICE DREAM WHERE YOU ARE ALL COWBOYS, FIGHTING INDIANS, EH? HEE, HEE!
THEN YOU ACTUALLY SELL DREAMS?
SURE! HEE, HEE! MY DREAM-HERBS CONJURE UP ANY KIND OF DREAM YOU WISH.
AND DID YOU SELL A CRIME-DREAM TO A CROOK RECENTLY?

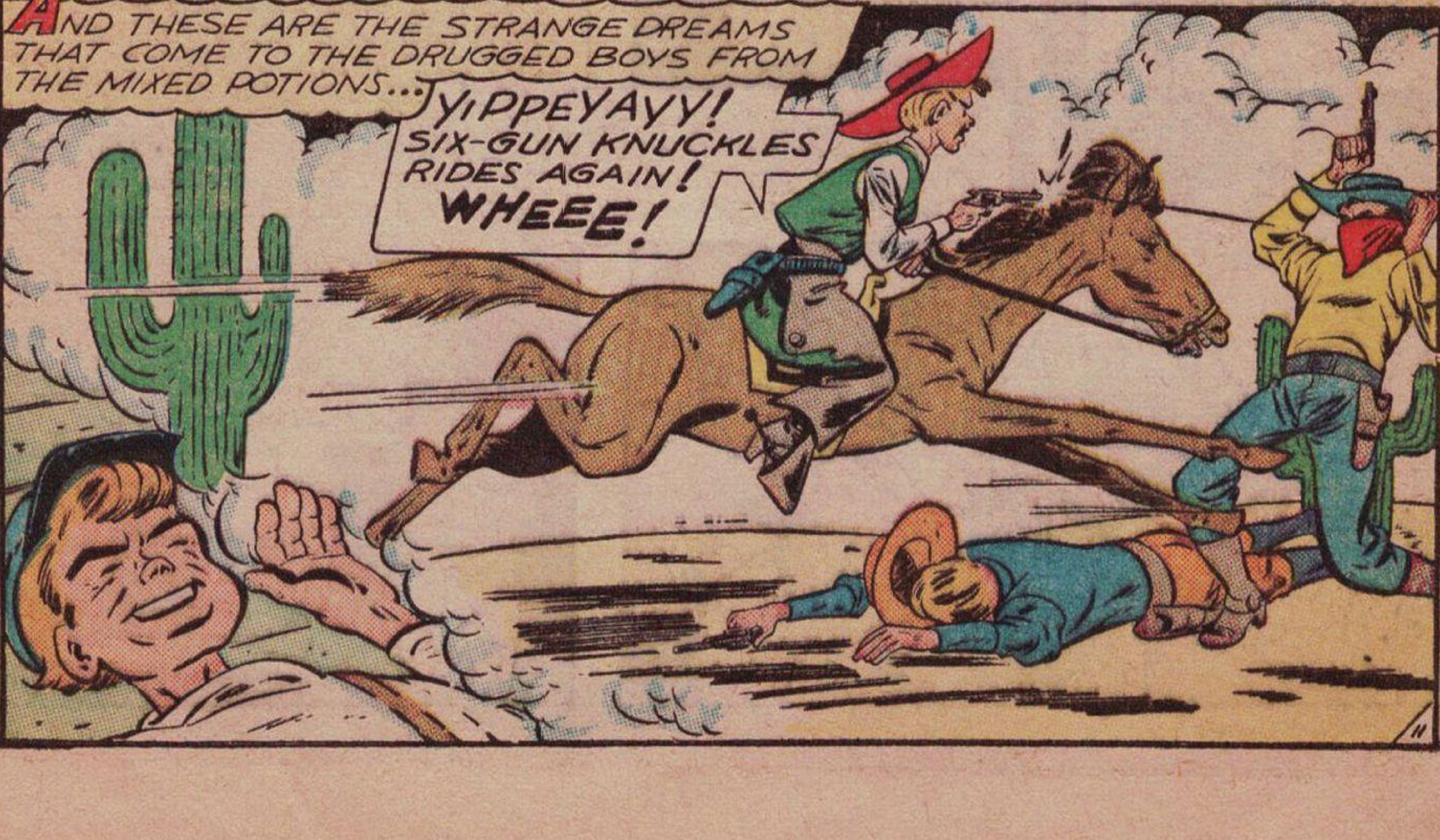

WHAT? ARE YOU TRYING TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE? IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! **GET OUT . . . GET OUT!**
OKAY... BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN DA LAST OF US!
JUST AS THE YOUNG ALLIES DEPART, A CUSTOMER RE-VISITS THE SHOP-MAYHEM MONK!
HE RAN US OUT BEFORE WE COULD GET ANY INFORMATION!
WAIT UP, BUCKY! LOOK WHO'S GOING IN THERE... THAT GANG-LEADER!
LISTEN, YOU! YA GAVE ME A BUM DREAM! I DREAMED A CRIME-DREAM ALL RIGHT, BUT DEN DA YOUNG ALLIES BUSTED IT UP! I'M GONNA BEAT YER BRAINS OUT, YA FAKER!
NO...STOP! I'LL FIX YOU UP FINE, THIS TIME!
TRY THIS ONE! IT WILL BE A PERFECT CRIME-DREAM! YOU WILL EVEN DREAM IN THIS HOW TO OUT-WIT YOUR ENEMIES.. THE YOUNG ALLIES!
YEAH? YA THINK IT'LL REALLY WORK OUT DAT WAY?
HEE, HEE! IT WILL! YOU WILL DREAM OF A **GREAT CRIME**, THEN, BECAUSE THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE ON YOUR MIND, YOU WILL DREAM THAT THEY INTERFERE. BUT YOU WILL FINALLY DREAM HOW TO DEFEAT THEM! YES, HEE, HEE, THE WORLD OF DREAMS IS A STRANGE UNEXPLORED WORLD! AND ONLY MY DREAM-HERBS CAN LET YOU IN! HEE, HEE!
5

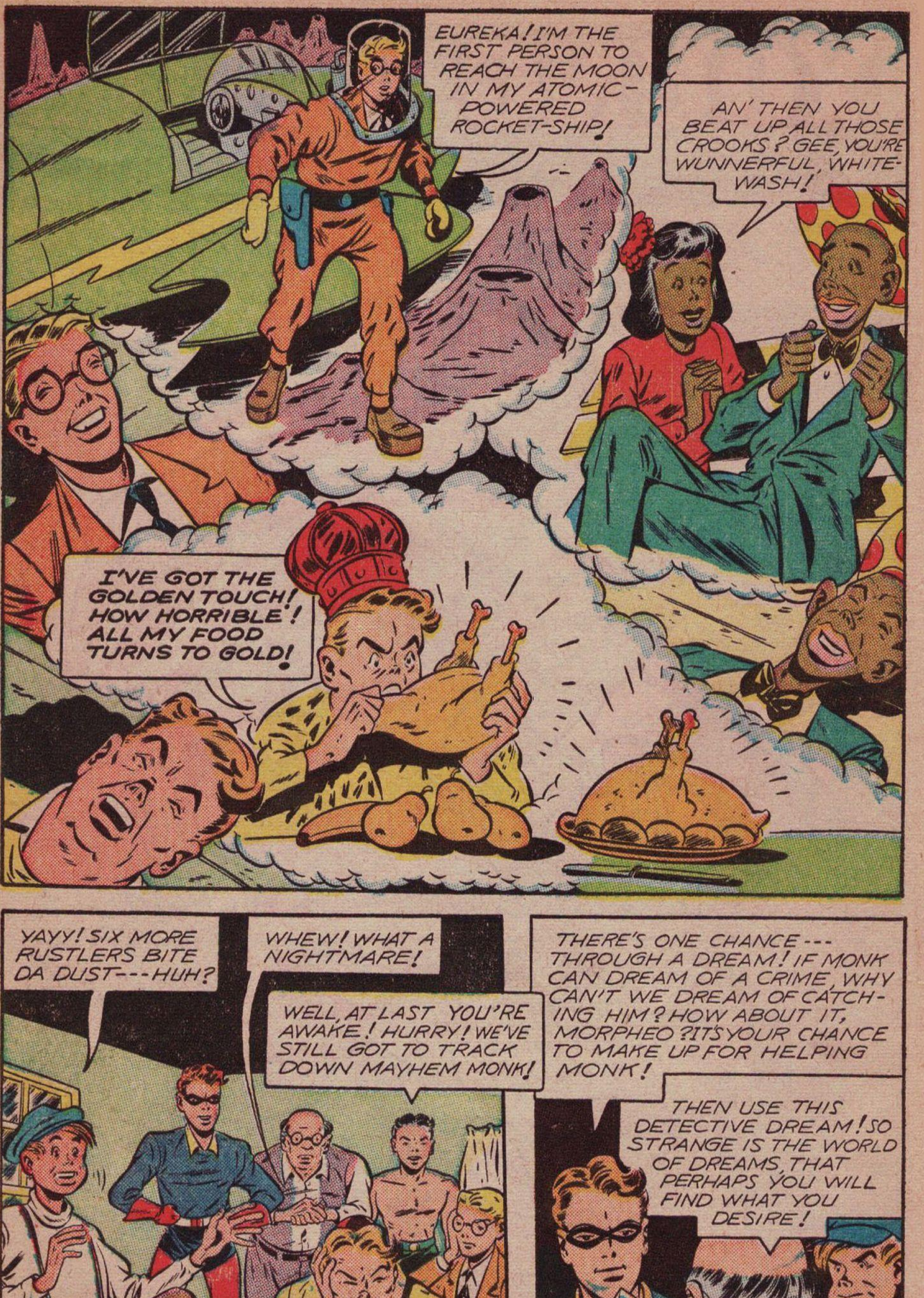

BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, THE YOUNG ALLIES APPEAR IN PERSON!
GRAB HIM, FELLAS!
EEOW! DA YOUNG ALLIES!
I'LL RUN FOR IT... OUT DA BACK WAY!
HEY, WAIT! A KETTLE OF BOILING WATER! I'LL DUMP SOME O' DIS DREAM STUFF IN! DA FUMES OUGHTA STOP DA KIDS!
THE DREAM-VAPOR FILLS THE ROOM, AND BUCKY'S WARNING IS TOO LATE FOR ALL EXCEPT TORO...
WATCH IT! DON'T BREATHE THOSE FUMES... OOOH!
OH..UM!
OOO!
HEY!
WAKE UP! HEY! OPEN YOUR EYES-- SHUCKS, NO USE, BUCKY! THE STUFF GOT 'EM!
AND MAYHEM MONK GOT AWAY, TOO!
YOU GOT US INTO THIS, MORPHEO! ANY WAY TO WAKE THEM UP?
NO! THEY MUST SLEEP IT OFF!

YOUNG ALLIES


AND THAT'S THE PLANT THAT GROWS THE DREAM STUFF, EH? TORO, DESTROY IT WITH YOUR FLAME!
NO! NO! OHHHH! IT'S GONE! MY WONDERFUL DREAM-HERBS!
IT'S BETTER DESTROYED! IT'S AN EVIL THING! I WONDER WHAT THE BOYS ARE DREAMING?

CHAPTER III

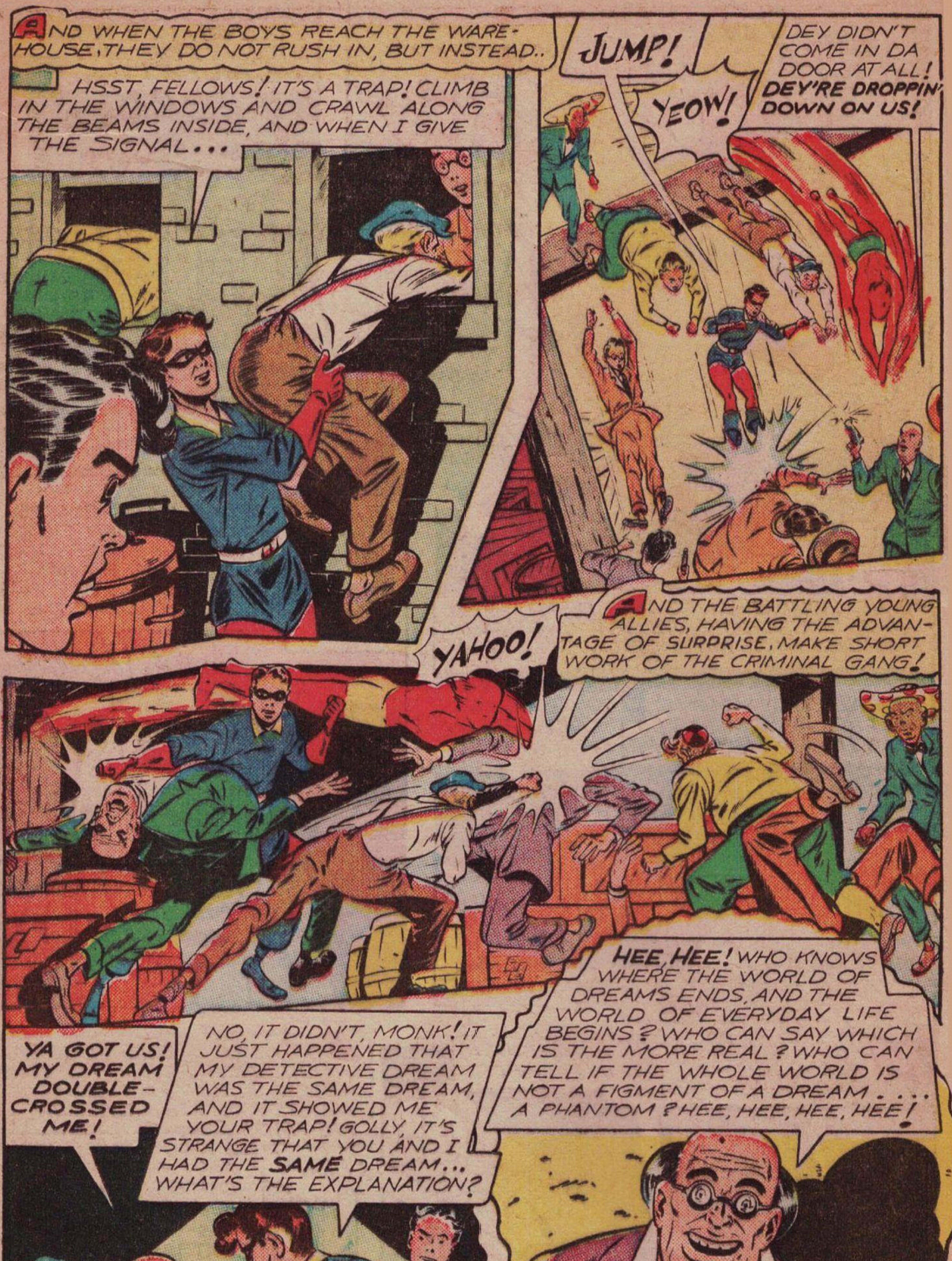

AND THESE ARE THE STRANGE DREAMS THAT COME TO THE DRUGGED BOYS FROM THE MIXED POTIONS...
YIPPEYAYY! SIX-GUN KNUCKLES RIDES AGAIN! WHEEE!


EUREKA! I'M THE FIRST PERSON TO REACH THE MOON IN MY ATOMIC-POWERED ROCKET-SHIP!
AN' THEN YOU BEAT UP ALL THOSE CROOKS? GEE, YOU'RE WUNNERFUL, WHITE-WASH!
I'VE GOT THE GOLDEN TOUCH! HOW HORRIBLE! ALL MY FOOD TURNS TO GOLD!
YAYY! SIX MORE RUSTLERS BITE DA DUST---HUH?
WHEW! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
WELL, AT LAST YOU'RE AWAKE! HURRY! WE'VE STILL GOT TO TRACK DOWN MAYHEM MONK!
THERE'S ONE CHANCE--- THROUGH A DREAM! IF MONK CAN DREAM OF A CRIME, WHY CAN'T WE DREAM OF CATCHING HIM? HOW ABOUT IT, MORPHEO? IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE UP FOR HELPING MONK!
THEN USE THIS DETECTIVE DREAM! SO STRANGE IS THE WORLD OF DREAMS, THAT PERHAPS YOU WILL FIND WHAT YOU DESIRE!
12

BUT MAYHEM MONK IS ALREADY USING THE CRIME-DREAM WITH WHICH HE ESCAPED!
NOW TO DREAM DA BIG CRIME AND TO BEAT DA YOUNG ALLIES! UM---UHH...
THEN...
I GOT IT! WE'RE GONNA PULL A BIG JOB, MEN! AND BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH, DA YOUNG ALLIES AINT GONNA BE SO HEALTHY! LET'S GO!
LATER...
GONNA LOOT THE WAREHOUSE, MONK? BUT WHAT'S IN IT?
REFINED URANIUM ORE, DAT'S WHAT! AND HOW DO I KNOW? BECAUSE IN MY DREAM I FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT IT!
AN' IN CASE YOU DUMB LUGS DON'T KNOW WHAT URANIUM ORE IS, I'LL TELL YA! IT'S DA STUFF WHAT MAKES ATOMIC ENERGY, SEE? IT'S GOT A HIGHER SELLIN' PRICE DAN GOLD!
DA NIGHT WATCHMAN! GIVE HIM DA BLACKJACK!
UGH!
DAT IS DA STUFF! WE CAN SELL DOSE SACKS OF URANIUM-ORE FOR A SWEET LITTLE 50 GRAND!
U-235
U-235

BUT OUTSIDE, THE NIGHT WATCHMAN COMES TO AND PAINFULLY DRAGS HIS WAY ALONG..
(GASP) GOT TO GET HELP.. BEFORE I COLLAPSE!
THE YOUNG ALLIES... CLUBHOUSE... LIGHT... THEY'LL HELP ME! BOYS! HELP!
IT'S OLD GUS, THE WATCHMAN!
ROBBERS.. WAREHOUSE.. HURRY!
HEY, BOSS! I HEAR A SOUND! SOME BOYS COMING!
SURE! IT'S DA YOUNG ALLIES! IN DREAMS YA GET DA WARNING, SO I KNOW EVERYTHING DAT IS GONNA HAPPEN! IS DIS GONNA BE FUN!
U-235
35
WHERE ARE THEY.. GULP!
RIGHT HERE, PUNKS! COME AND GET IT!

THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE TRAPPED!
AGGH!
AAAH!
GAA!
DAT'S DA END OF DA FAMOUS YOUNG ALLIES! I'LL EVEN BUY TOMBSTONES FOR 'EM! HA, HA, HA!
THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE DEAD! THEIR STAR-STUDDED CAREER IS OVER! SIX HEROES PASS INTO OBLIVION...
DEAD! THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE DEAD! HA HA HA HA! HUH?
WAKE UP, BOSS! YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING!
YES, IT IS ONLY THE DREAM THAT MONK HAD!
WOW! WHAT A DREAM! IT MUST MEAN DAT'S EXACTLY HOW IT'S GOING TO TURN OUT WHEN WE ROB DA WAREHOUSE! WELL, MEN, WE'LL MAKE MY DREAM COME TRUE... WIT' DA YOUNG ALLIES DEAD AT DE END!
MINUTES LATER, AT THE WAREHOUSE, ALL GOES AS IT DID IN MONK'S PROPHETIC DREAM...
U-235
BUT THERE IS ONE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE, FOR IN THE CLUBHOUSE, BUCKY HIMSELF WAKES FROM THE DREAM HE HAD!
HELP!
THAT'S THE WATCHMAN FROM THE WAREHOUSE! I KNOW, BECAUSE I JUST DREAMED IT! LET'S GET MOVING!

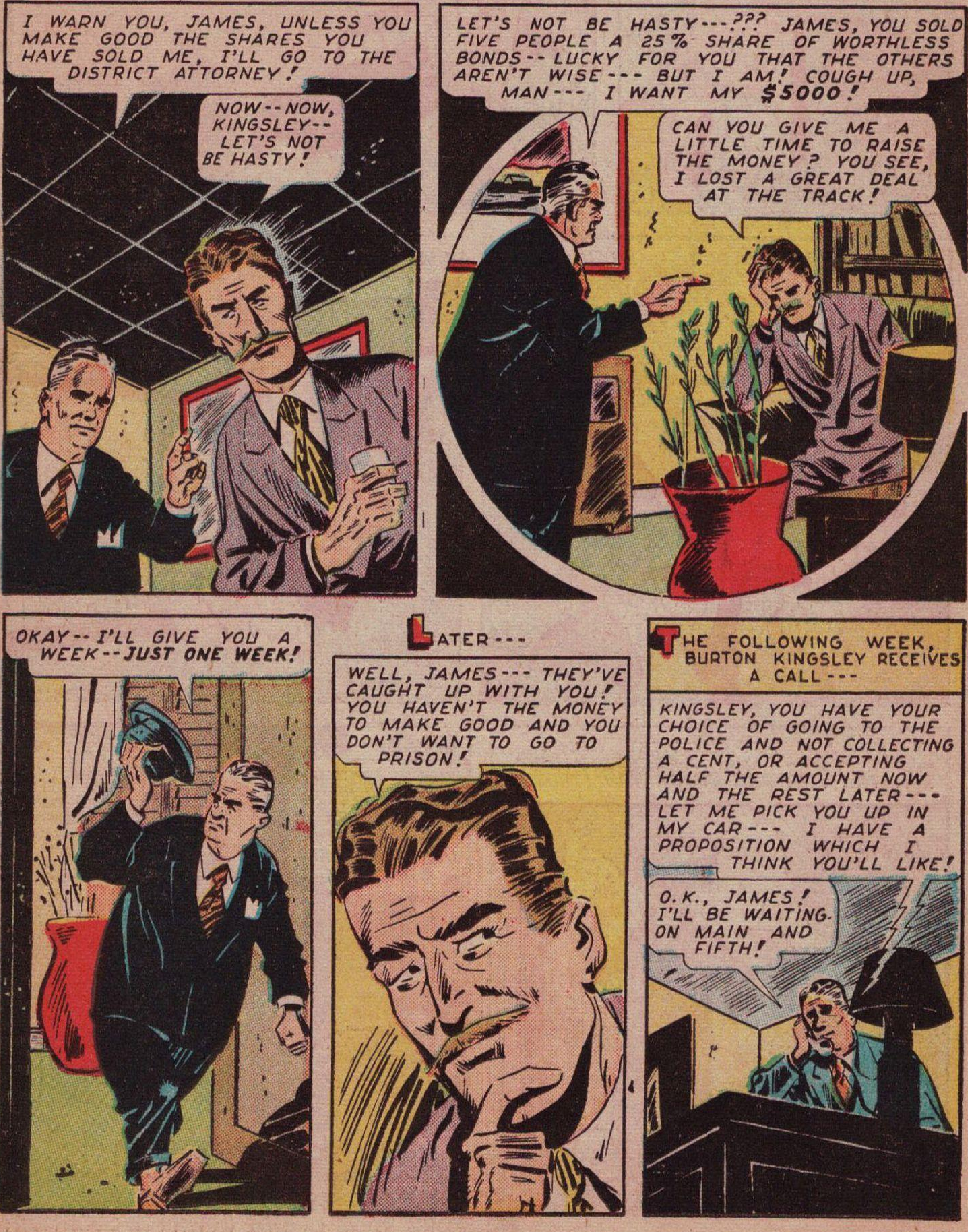

AND WHEN THE BOYS REACH THE WAREHOUSE, THEY DO NOT RUSH IN, BUT INSTEAD..
HSST, FELLOWS! IT'S A TRAP! CLIMB IN THE WINDOWS AND CRAWL ALONG THE BEAMS INSIDE, AND WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL...
JUMP!
YEOW!
DEY DIDN'T COME IN DA DOOR AT ALL! DEY'RE DROPPIN' DOWN ON US!
AND THE BATTLING YOUNG ALLIES, HAVING THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE, MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE CRIMINAL GANG!
YAHOO!
YA GOT US! MY DREAM DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!
NO, IT DIDN'T, MONK! IT JUST HAPPENED THAT MY DETECTIVE DREAM WAS THE SAME DREAM, AND IT SHOWED ME YOUR TRAP! GOLLY, IT'S STRANGE THAT YOU AND I HAD THE SAME DREAM... WHAT'S THE EXPLANATION?
HEE, HEE! WHO KNOWS WHERE THE WORLD OF DREAMS ENDS, AND THE WORLD OF EVERYDAY LIFE BEGINS? WHO CAN SAY WHICH IS THE MORE REAL? WHO CAN TELL IF THE WHOLE WORLD IS NOT A FIGMENT OF A DREAM.... A PHANTOM? HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE!
the End

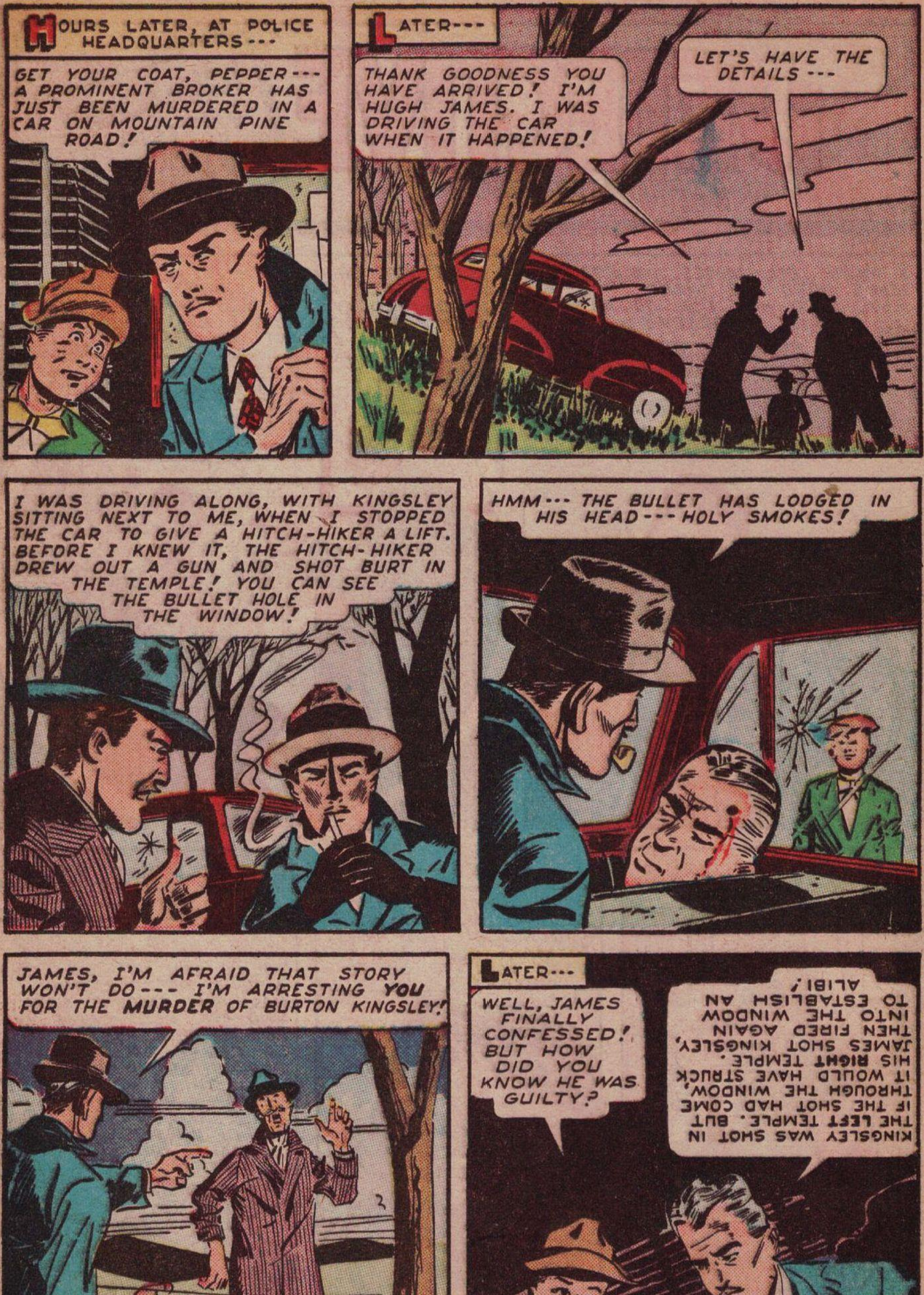
LET'S PLAY

DETECTIVE

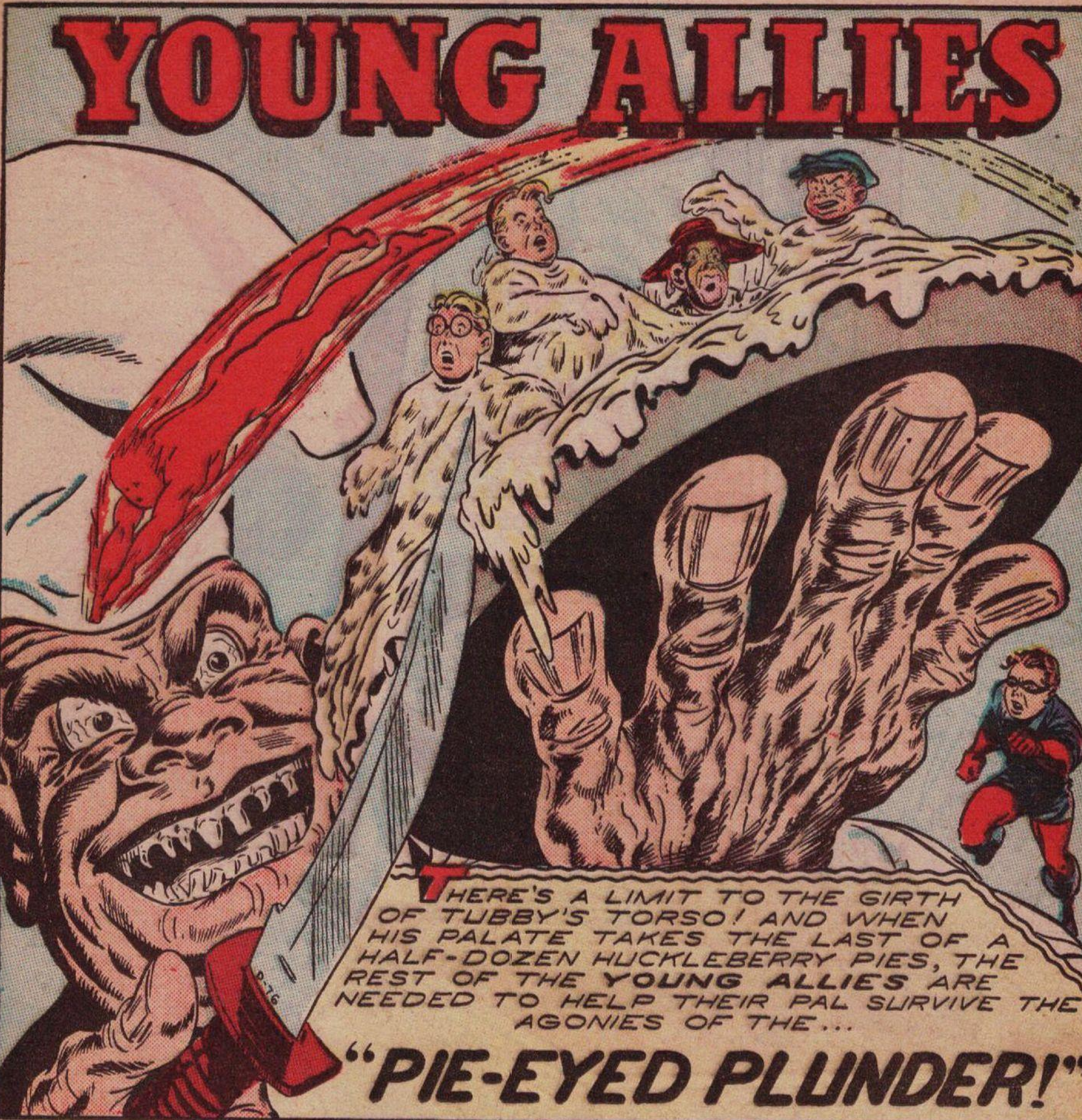
STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP★

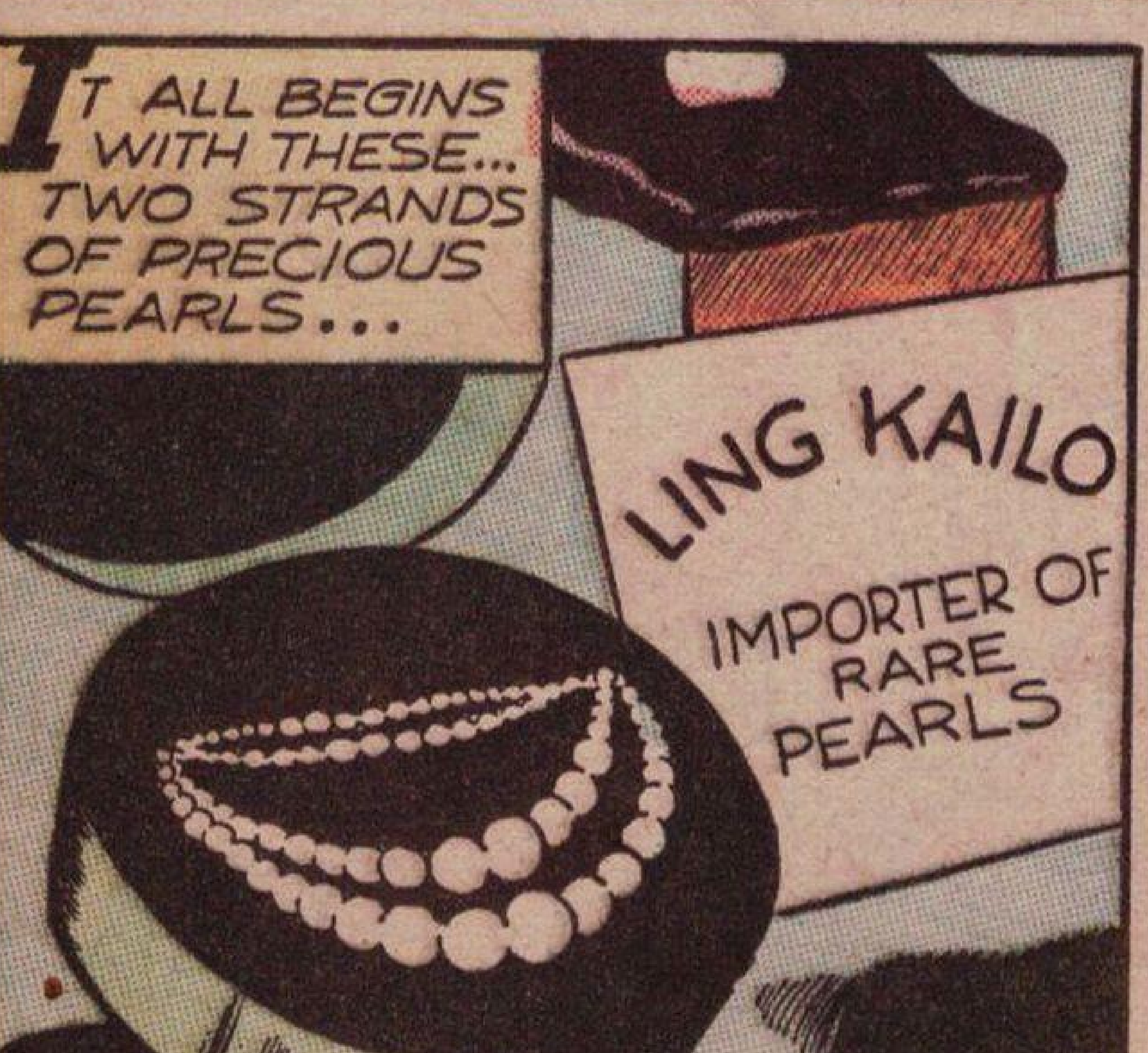
"MURDER WITHOUT DIVIDENDS"

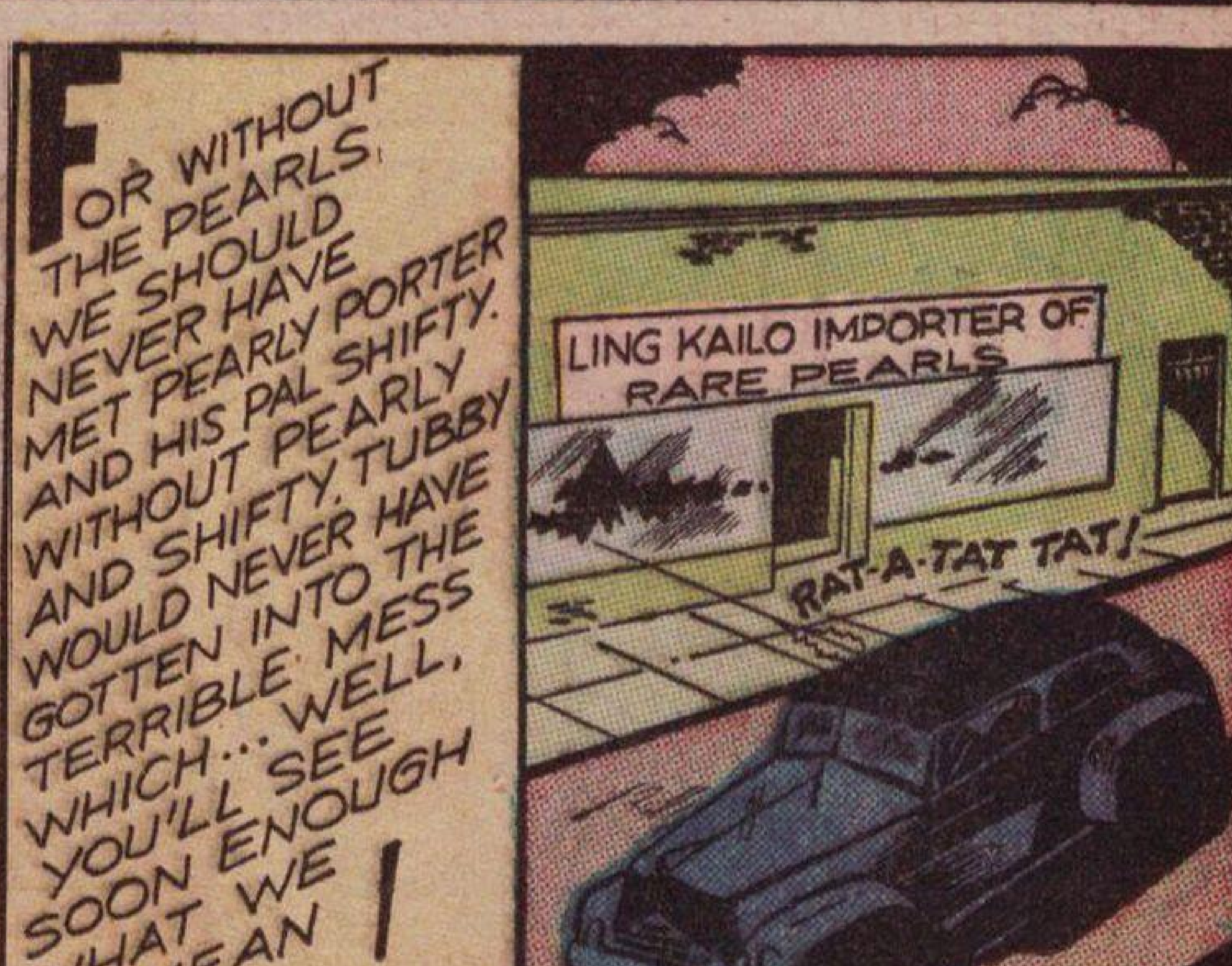

I WARN YOU, JAMES, UNLESS YOU MAKE GOOD THE SHARES YOU HAVE SOLD ME, I'LL GO TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
NOW--NOW, KINGSLEY--LET'S NOT BE HASTY!
LET'S NOT BE HASTY---??? JAMES, YOU SOLD FIVE PEOPLE A 25% SHARE OF WORTHLESS BONDS--LUCKY FOR YOU THAT THE OTHERS AREN'T WISE---BUT I AM! COUGH UP, MAN---I WANT MY $5000!
CAN YOU GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME TO RAISE THE MONEY? YOU SEE, I LOST A GREAT DEAL AT THE TRACK!
OKAY--I'LL GIVE YOU A WEEK--JUST ONE WEEK!
LATER---
WELL, JAMES---THEY'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU! YOU HAVEN'T THE MONEY TO MAKE GOOD AND YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO PRISON!
THE FOLLOWING WEEK, BURTON KINGSLEY RECEIVES A CALL---
KINGSLEY, YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE OF GOING TO THE POLICE AND NOT COLLECTING A CENT, OR ACCEPTING HALF THE AMOUNT NOW AND THE REST LATER---LET ME PICK YOU UP IN MY CAR---I HAVE A PROPOSITION WHICH I THINK YOU'LL LIKE!
O.K., JAMES! I'LL BE WAITING ON MAIN AND FIFTH!

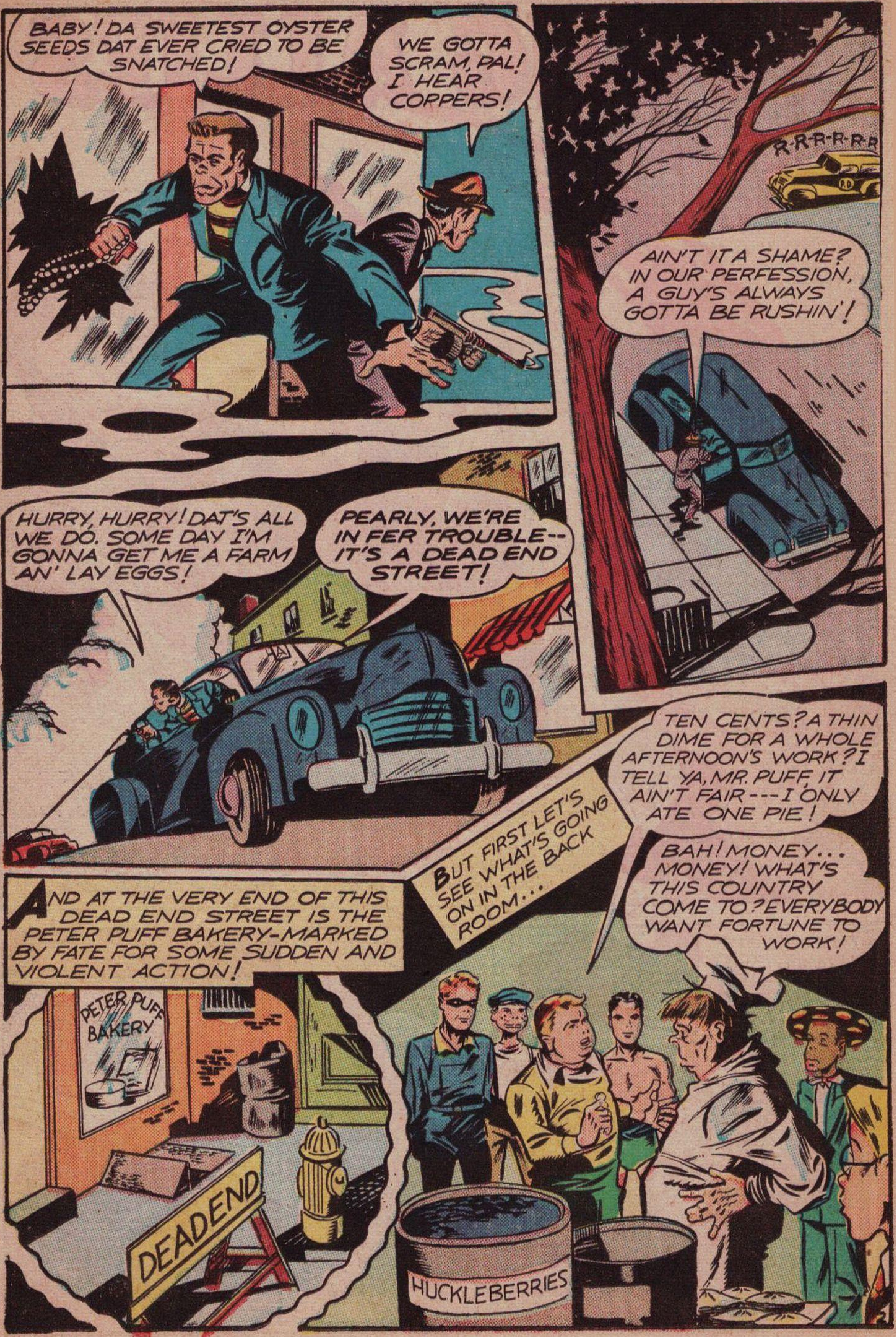

HOURS LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS---
GET YOUR COAT, PEPPER--- A PROMINENT BROKER HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED IN A CAR ON MOUNTAIN PINE ROAD!
LATER---
THANK GOODNESS YOU HAVE ARRIVED! I'M HUGH JAMES. I WAS DRIVING THE CAR WHEN IT HAPPENED!
LET'S HAVE THE DETAILS---
I WAS DRIVING ALONG, WITH KINGSLEY SITTING NEXT TO ME, WHEN I STOPPED THE CAR TO GIVE A HITCH-HIKER A LIFT. BEFORE I KNEW IT, THE HITCH-HIKER DREW OUT A GUN AND SHOT BURT IN THE TEMPLE! YOU CAN SEE THE BULLET HOLE IN THE WINDOW!
HMM--- THE BULLET HAS LODGED IN HIS HEAD--- HOLY SMOKES!
JAMES, I'M AFRAID THAT STORY WON'T DO--- I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF BURTON KINGSLEY!
LATER---
WELL, JAMES FINALLY CONFESSED! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WAS GUILTY?
KINGSLEY WAS SHOT IN THE LEFT TEMPLE. BUT IF THE SHOT HAD COME THROUGH THE WINDOW, IT WOULD HAVE STRUCK HIS RIGHT TEMPLE. JAMES SHOT KINGSLEY, THEN FIRED AGAIN INTO THE WINDOW TO ESTABLISH AN ALIBI!

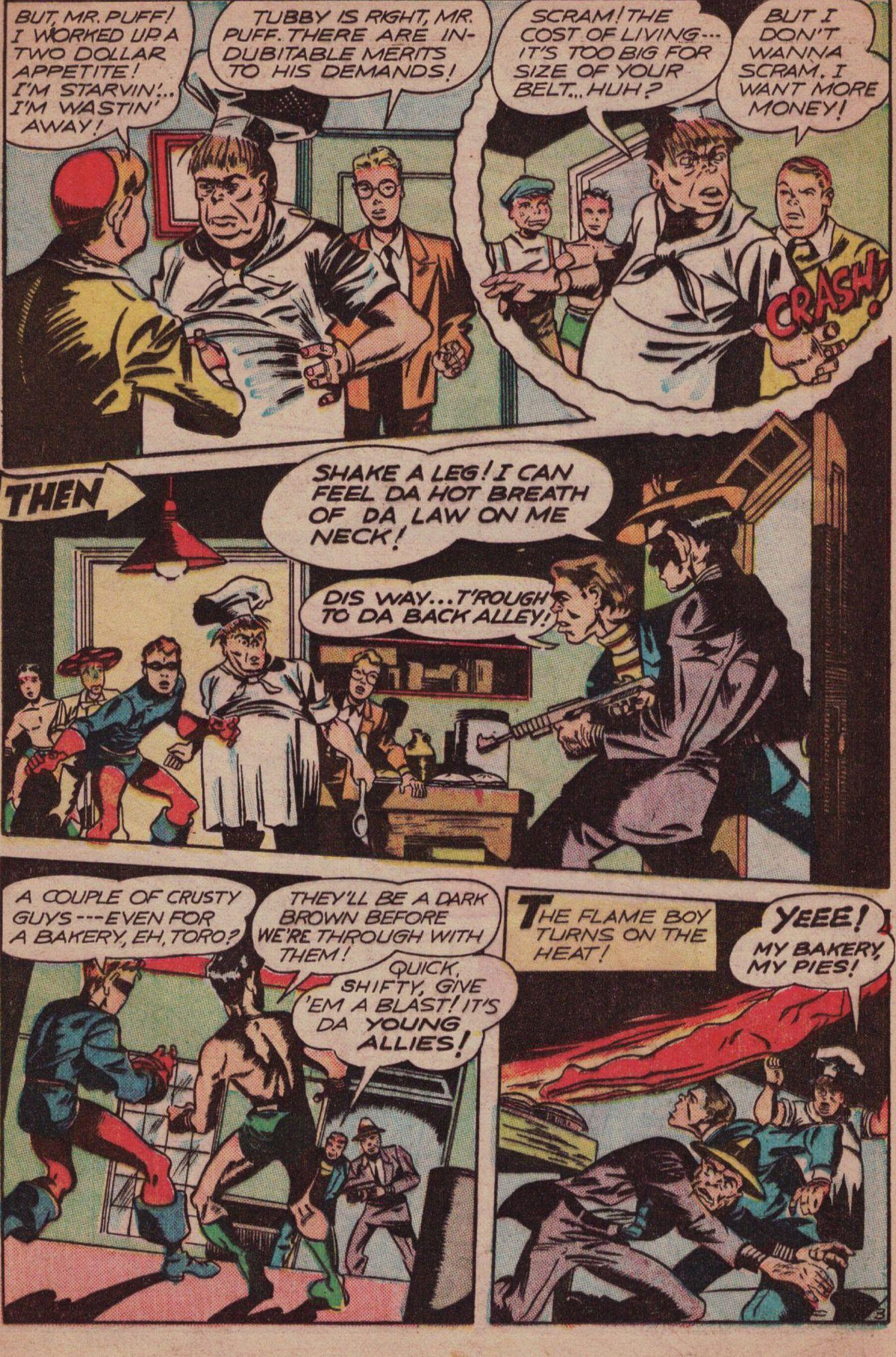
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION!

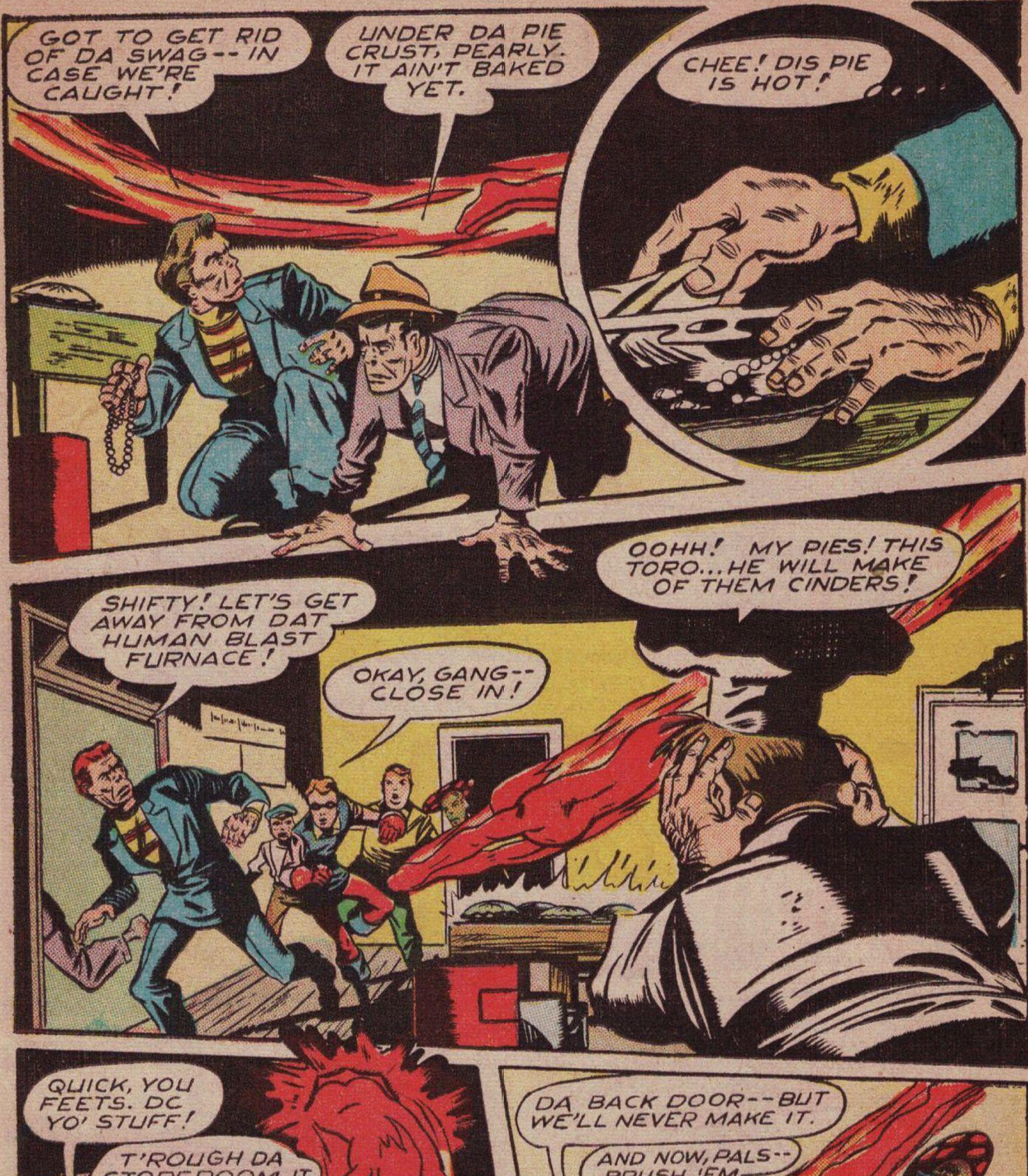

YOUNG ALLIES
THERE'S A LIMIT TO THE GIRTH OF TUBBY'S TORSO! AND WHEN HIS PALATE TAKES THE LAST OF A HALF-DOZEN HUCKLEBERRY PIES, THE REST OF THE **YOUNG ALLIES** ARE NEEDED TO HELP THEIR PAL SURVIVE THE AGONIES OF THE...
"PIE-EYED PLUNDER!"

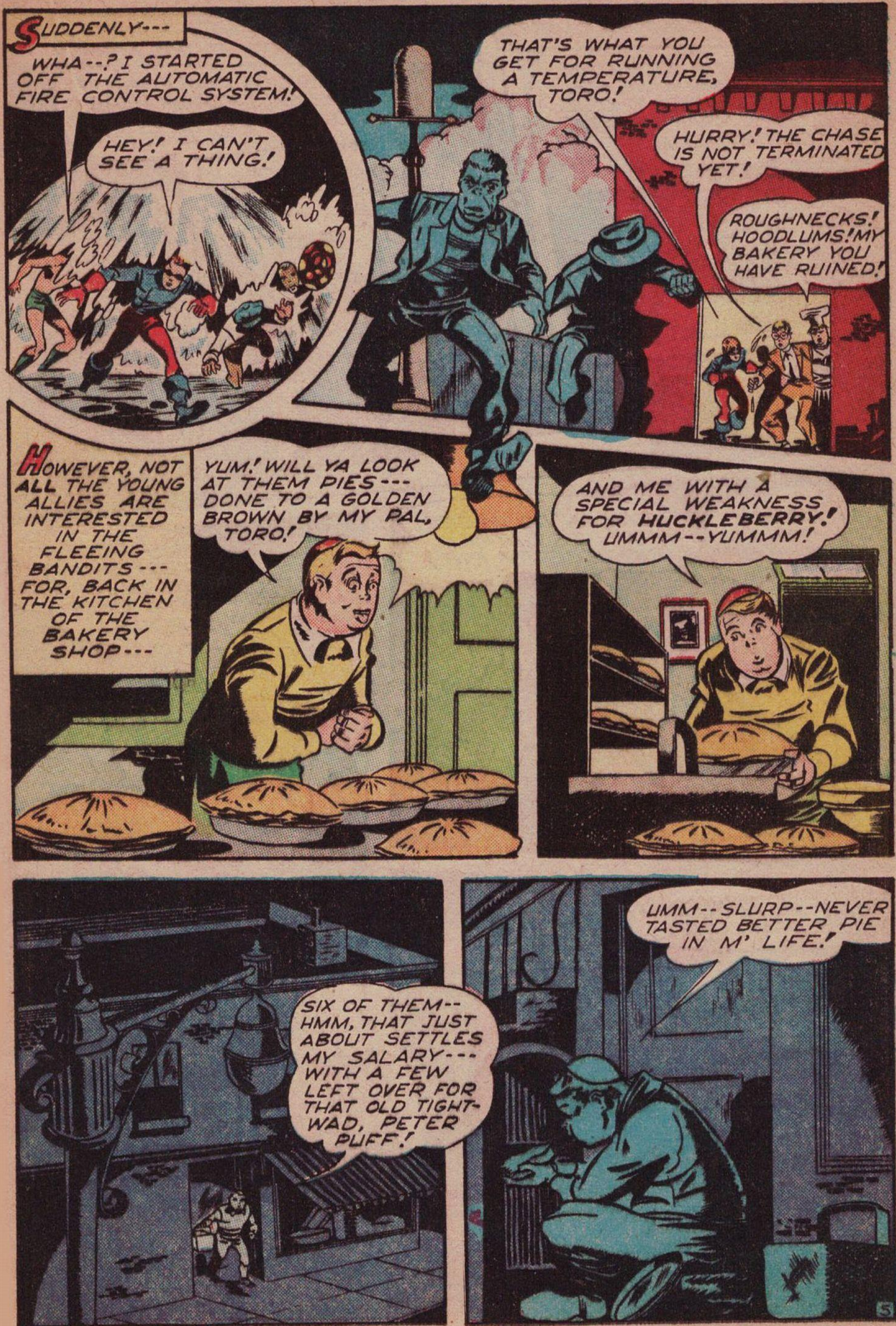

IT ALL BEGINS WITH THESE... TWO STRANDS OF PRECIOUS PEARLS...
LING KAILO
IMPORTER OF RARE PEARLS

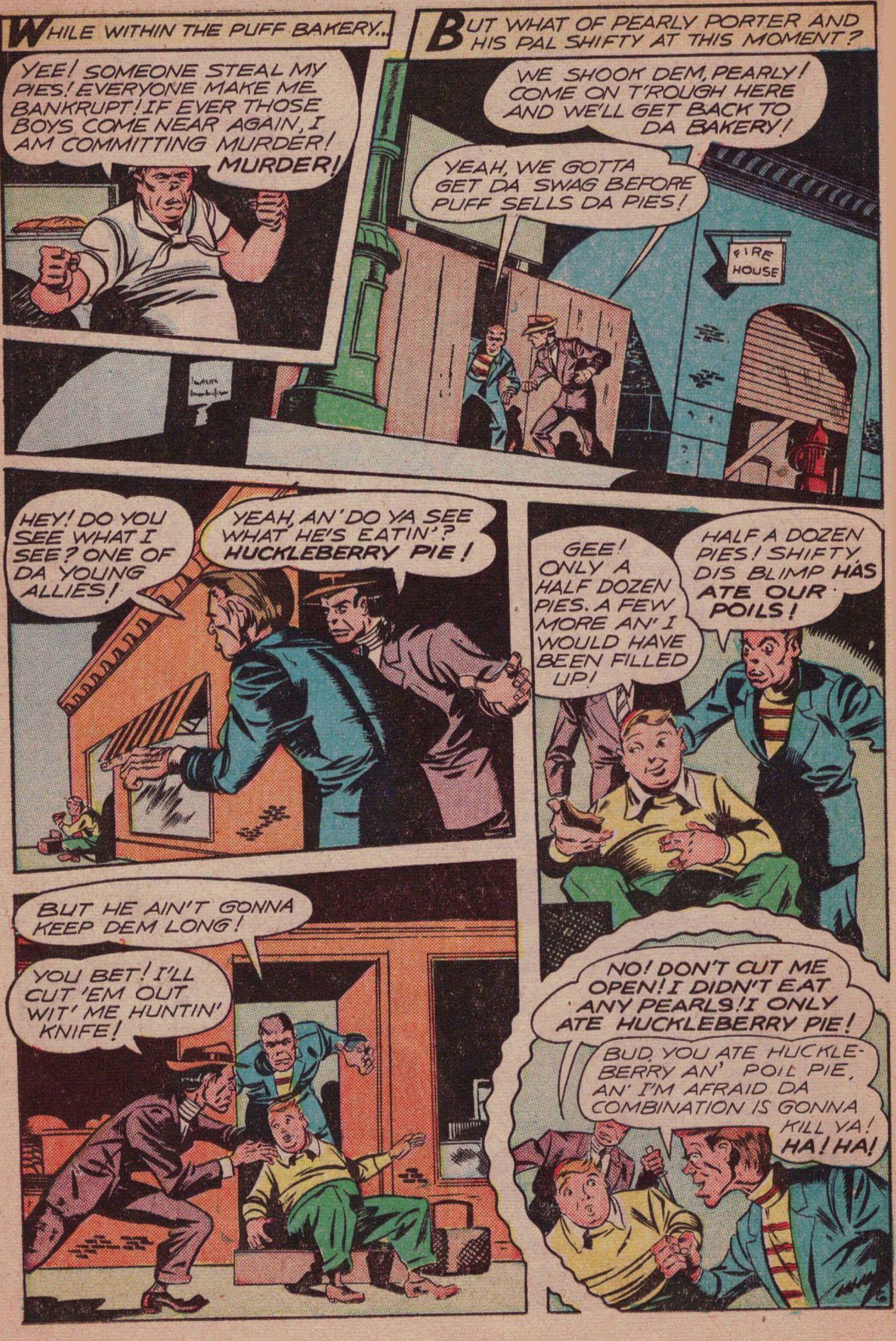

FOR WITHOUT THE PEARLS, WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE MET PEARLY PORTER AND HIS PAL SHIFTY. WITHOUT PEARLY AND SHIFTY, TUBBY WOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE TERRIBLE MESS WHICH... WELL, YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH WHAT WE MEAN!
LING KAILO IMPORTER OF RARE PEARLS
RAT-A-TAT TAT!

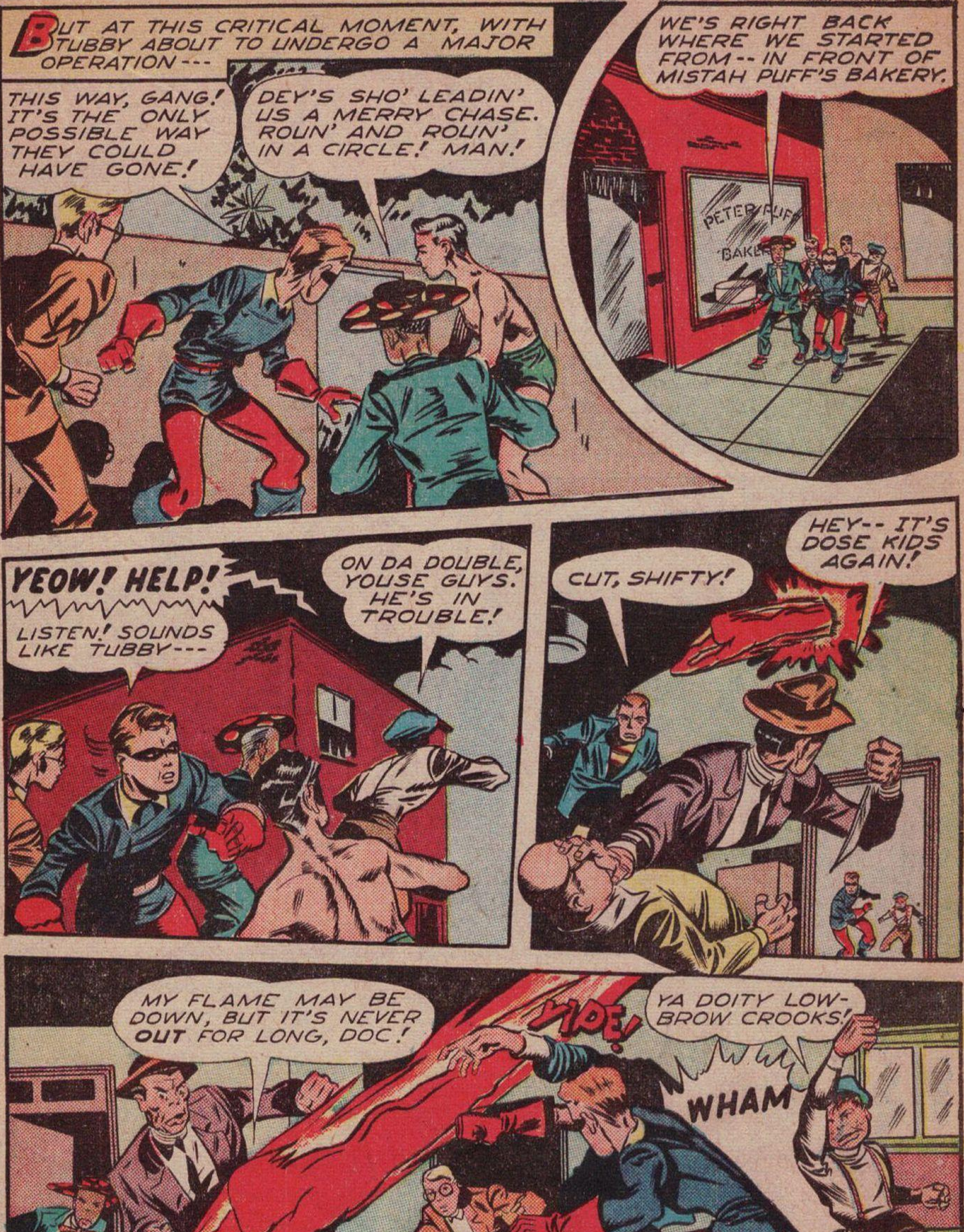

BABY! DA SWEETEST OYSTER SEEDS DAT EVER CRIED TO BE SNATCHED!
WE GOTTA SCRAM, PAL! I HEAR COPPERS!
R-R-R-R-R-R
R.D.
AIN'T IT A SHAME? IN OUR PERFESSION, A GUY'S ALWAYS GOTTA BE RUSHIN'!
HURRY, HURRY! DAT'S ALL WE DO. SOME DAY I'M GONNA GET ME A FARM AN' LAY EGGS!
PEARLY, WE'RE IN FER TROUBLE-- IT'S A DEAD END STREET!
AND AT THE VERY END OF THIS DEAD END STREET IS THE PETER PUFF BAKERY-MARKED BY FATE FOR SOME SUDDEN AND VIOLENT ACTION!
BUT FIRST LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE BACK ROOM...
TEN CENTS? A THIN DIME FOR A WHOLE AFTERNOON'S WORK? I TELL YA, MR. PUFF, IT AIN'T FAIR---I ONLY ATE ONE PIE!
BAH! MONEY... MONEY! WHAT'S THIS COUNTRY COME TO? EVERYBODY WANT FORTUNE TO WORK!
PETER PUFF BAKERY
DEADEND
HUCKLEBERRIES

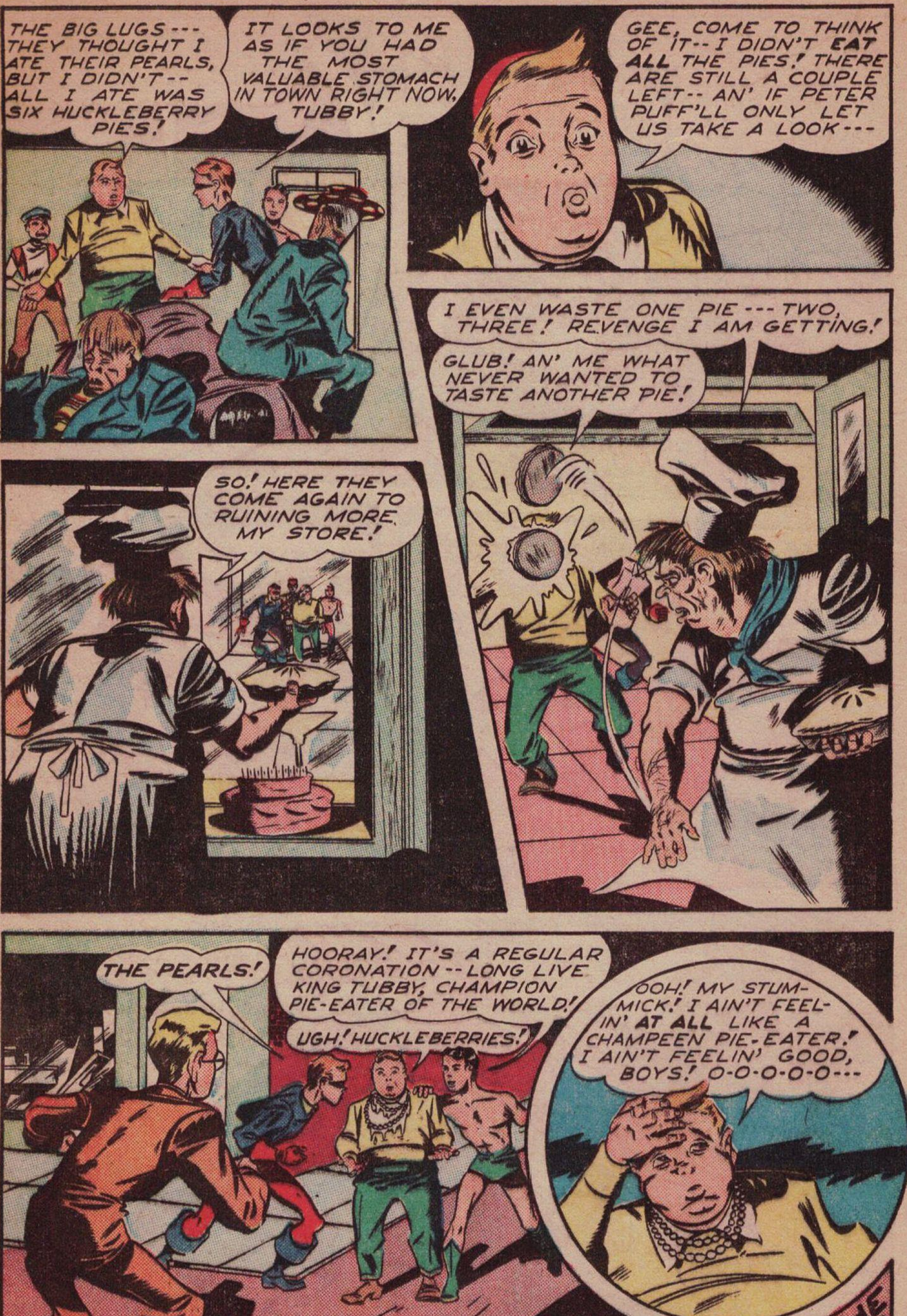

BUT, MR. PUFF! I WORKED UP A TWO DOLLAR APPETITE! I'M STARVIN'... I'M WASTIN' AWAY!
TUBBY IS RIGHT, MR. PUFF. THERE ARE INDUBITABLE MERITS TO HIS DEMANDS!
SCRAM! THE COST OF LIVING--- IT'S TOO BIG FOR SIZE OF YOUR BELT... HUH?
BUT I DON'T WANNA SCRAM. I WANT MORE MONEY!
CRASH!
THEN
SHAKE A LEG! I CAN FEEL DA HOT BREATH OF DA LAW ON ME NECK!
DIS WAY... T'ROUGH TO DA BACK ALLEY!
A COUPLE OF CRUSTY GUYS---EVEN FOR A BAKERY, EH, TORO?
THEY'LL BE A DARK BROWN BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH THEM!
QUICK, SHIFTY, GIVE 'EM A BLAST! IT'S DA YOUNG ALLIES!
THE FLAME BOY TURNS ON THE HEAT!
YEEE! MY BAKERY, MY PIES!
3


GOT TO GET RID OF DA SWAG-- IN CASE WE'RE CAUGHT!
UNDER DA PIE CRUST, PEARLY. IT AIN'T BAKED YET.
CHEE! DIS PIE IS HOT!
OOHH! MY PIES! THIS TORO...HE WILL MAKE OF THEM CINDERS!
SHIFTY! LET'S GET AWAY FROM DAT HUMAN BLAST FURNACE!
OKAY, GANG-- CLOSE IN!
QUICK, YOU FEETS. DC YO' STUFF!
T'ROUGH DA STOREROOM. IT LEADS TO DA ALLEY!
DA BACK DOOR--BUT WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.
AND NOW, PALS-- BRUSH 'EM OFF!


SUDDENLY---
WHA--? I STARTED OFF THE AUTOMATIC FIRE CONTROL SYSTEM!
HEY! I CAN'T SEE A THING!
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR RUNNING A TEMPERATURE, TORO!
HURRY! THE CHASE IS NOT TERMINATED YET!
ROUGHNECKS! HOODLUMS! MY BAKERY YOU HAVE RUINED!
HOWEVER, NOT ALL THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE INTERESTED IN THE FLEEING BANDITS---FOR, BACK IN THE KITCHEN OF THE BAKERY SHOP---
YUM! WILL YA LOOK AT THEM PIES---DONE TO A GOLDEN BROWN BY MY PAL, TORO!
AND ME WITH A SPECIAL WEAKNESS FOR HUCKLEBERRY! UMMM--YUMMM!
SIX OF THEM--HMM, THAT JUST ABOUT SETTLES MY SALARY---WITH A FEW LEFT OVER FOR THAT OLD TIGHTWAD, PETER PUFF!
UMM--SLURP--NEVER TASTED BETTER PIE IN M' LIFE!
5


WHILE WITHIN THE PUFF BAKERY...
YEE! SOMEONE STEAL MY PIES! EVERYONE MAKE ME BANKRUPT! IF EVER THOSE BOYS COME NEAR AGAIN, I AM COMMITTING MURDER! MURDER!
BUT WHAT OF PEARLY PORTER AND HIS PAL SHIFTY AT THIS MOMENT?
WE SHOOK DEM, PEARLY! COME ON T'ROUGH HERE AND WE'LL GET BACK TO DA BAKERY!
YEAH, WE GOTTA GET DA SWAG BEFORE PUFF SELLS DA PIES!
FIRE HOUSE
HEY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? ONE OF DA YOUNG ALLIES!
YEAH, AN' DO YA SEE WHAT HE'S EATIN'? HUCKLEBERRY PIE!
GEE! ONLY A HALF DOZEN PIES. A FEW MORE AN' I WOULD HAVE BEEN FILLED UP!
HALF A DOZEN PIES! SHIFTY, DIS BLIMP HAS ATE OUR POILS!
BUT HE AIN'T GONNA KEEP DEM LONG!
YOU BET! I'LL CUT 'EM OUT WIT' ME HUNTIN' KNIFE!
NO! DON'T CUT ME OPEN! I DIDN'T EAT ANY PEARLS! I ONLY ATE HUCKLEBERRY PIE!
BUD, YOU ATE HUCKLEBERRY AN' POIL PIE, AN' I'M AFRAID DA COMBINATION IS GONNA KILL YA! HA! HA!


BUT AT THIS CRITICAL MOMENT, WITH TUBBY ABOUT TO UNDERGO A MAJOR OPERATION---
THIS WAY, GANG! IT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY THEY COULD HAVE GONE!
DEY'S SHO' LEADIN' US A MERRY CHASE. ROUN' AND ROUN' IN A CIRCLE! MAN!
WE'S RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM -- IN FRONT OF MISTAH PUFF'S BAKERY.
PETER PUFF BAKER
YEOW! HELP!
LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE TUBBY---
ON DA DOUBLE, YOUSE GUYS. HE'S IN TROUBLE!
CUT, SHIFTY!
HEY-- IT'S DOSE KIDS AGAIN!
MY FLAME MAY BE DOWN, BUT IT'S NEVER OUT FOR LONG, DOC!
YIPE!
YA DOITY LOW-BROW CROOKS!
WHAM


THE BIG LUGS--- THEY THOUGHT I ATE THEIR PEARLS, BUT I DIDN'T-- ALL I ATE WAS SIX HUCKLEBERRY PIES!
IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF YOU HAD THE MOST VALUABLE STOMACH IN TOWN RIGHT NOW, TUBBY!
GEE, COME TO THINK OF IT-- I DIDN'T **EAT ALL** THE PIES! THERE ARE STILL A COUPLE LEFT-- AN' IF PETER PUFF'LL ONLY LET US TAKE A LOOK---
SO! HERE THEY COME AGAIN TO RUINING MORE MY STORE!
I EVEN WASTE ONE PIE--- TWO, THREE! REVENGE I AM GETTING!
GLUB! AN' ME WHAT NEVER WANTED TO TASTE ANOTHER PIE!
THE PEARLS!
HOORAY! IT'S A REGULAR CORONATION -- LONG LIVE KING TUBBY, CHAMPION PIE-EATER OF THE WORLD!
UGH! HUCKLEBERRIES!
OOH! MY STUMMICK! I AIN'T FEELIN' **AT ALL** LIKE A CHAMPEEN PIE-EATER! I AIN'T FEELIN' GOOD, BOYS! O-O-O-O-O---
THE END

TRAPPED

ANOTHER exciting trip was over. The thick underbrush was pushed aside as dozens of bare feet trod the pathless region, returning to the coast after a few weeks in the dark forests. Powerful black natives of the Congo jungle carried the ivory tusks and the packs of gold ore. But the man who led them was not barefooted. This was Victor Small, the noted explorer and adventurer.

Vic had returned from his several jaunts into the unexplored Congo with a wealth of ivory and gold. No one could learn the secret of where these treasures were to be found. Vic never talked about his hunting expeditions, and his faithful native porters never divulged his secret.

The more Jud Larkin thought about it, the more he became greedy for Victor Small's secret. He knew that Small was planning to return into the interior of the Congo in five days' time. That was easy to learn, for Small was making preparations all day long, buying the necessary supplies and putting his number one boy Gwanda in charge of these purchases. Gwanda was invaluable to Vic, dealing with the natives and seeing that his orders were carried out.

. . . The afternoon before the party was to leave for the jungle, Vic set out through the small town to find Gwanda. He wanted to make sure that everything was in readiness for the journey which was to start the next morning.

"Have you seen Gwanda?" Vic inquired of a lanky youth.

Gwanda was well-known in the port, especially among the natives. But the youth could offer no information.

"No, Bwana . . . me no see Gwanda since sunrise."

Vic went on, repeating his question to several natives who were strolling along the main streets. But always the reply was the same. Vic began to have a feeling that all was not well with Gwanda. Now that he thought about it, he *too* had not seen Gwanda since the early dawn when his faithful servant had left Small's quarters.

Vic decided to try the less-frequented part of the town, although he could not imagine what Gwanda would be doing among the ramshackle houses of the old white seamen who lived on the fringe of the town. When he finally reached this area, he was just turning a corner when a young native boy, about ten years old, ran straight into him and nearly knocked him over, so fast had he been running.

The boy recognized Victor at once and began to stutter a few phrases, unable to control his speech in his excitement.

"Bwana Victor, me looking for you! Gwanda much hurt . . . I take you!"

With which words, the boy turned and ran back toward the direction he had just come. Vic followed him, bewildered at what could have befallen his faithful Gwanda. The boy led him up a deserted alley and then through a door into a bare room. Victor stopped short as he beheld Gwanda battered and bleeding, stretched out on the floor. In one movement, Small was beside his black friend.

As Gwanda opened his eyes, he saw Vic leaning over him and managed a weak smile.

"What is it, Gwanda . . . what happened to you?" Small asked in a soft voice.

The native's lips barely moved, as if each word was unwilling to escape from his mouth.

"Me forced by Larkin come here . . . he want know secret land . . . where you find ivory and gold . . . me no tell . . . Larkin beat me with club!"

So that was it! Jud Larkin had tried to get Small's secret out of his servant Gwanda! Vic's blood began to boil as he viewed the beaten body of the native.

"Me no tell, Bwana Victor. . . me no tell!"

Poor Gwanda wanted Vic to know that he had not revealed his secret. With the little strength he still retained, Gwanda wanted his master to be assured that he had told Larkin nothing! Victor sent the boy for a horse and wagon.

. . . Less than an hour later, Gwanda was resting comfortably in Small's quarters. Healing balm had been applied liberally, and now Gwanda slept, his pain minimized by the loving care of his master.

Vic sat on the porch in a bamboo chair, smoking his pipe and staring into the night shadows which began to creep over the town. He was thinking of the day's happening, and what he was going to do about it. Of course the next day's trek into the jungle was off now. There was something more important to do first.

He knew that Larkin must be found and made to pay for his crime. But Victor had no intention of going to the Law at once. To him, Larkin was a beast, just as vicious and deadly as the beasts of the Congo he had killed in self-defense. Now it was *his* prestige against Larkin's . . . it could be no other way. Larkin would know that Small would come after him, and Victor had no intention of disappointing him!

. . . Silently, the massive figure left the porch and followed the path leading into the town. He carried no gun, no knife, no weapon of any kind. All he needed were nerves of steel and two powerful fists.

Vic knew that Larkin would avoid the public places now. He would be hiding like any snake, concealed and expectant, waiting for any enemy to approach. The most logical place was the old section of the town where Vic had found Gwanda. So he turned his steps toward the scene of that afternoon's incident.

Suddenly, as Vic strolled carefully along a certain short street, he realized that it was deserted save for himself. It was unusual that the natives should disappear into their shacks so early at night. And then he understood why. It was as if the natives had sensed the battle between these two white men which was about to take place, and had deserted the field of combat! That meant only one thing . . . that Larkin *was* hiding somewhere in this neighborhood!

That Victor was right was proved a moment later. A shot rang out, and a single bullet scraped the dust inches away from his foot. The fight was on! Vic had almost walked into a trap. Walking down the center of the street, he was an easy target for a good marksman.

As several more shots rang out, Vic lay prone on the ground and squirmed his way slowly toward the nearest shack. He knew which shack harbored Larkin; the tell-tale flashes had given the killer away. Finally, Vic reached the safety of a small building. He knew he must work fast. Larkin had the advantage of having a clear view of the street in front of him. Vic would have to employ some strategy to divert Larkin while he got closer to him.

And suddenly a plan of action came to his mind. Vic would turn Larkin's lair into a trap!

A horse and wagon was in a nearby barn. Vic took possession at once. Then, with a wild yell, he drove the horse at a fast gallop down the street toward the shack where Larkin was hidden. But Vic was not a target for Larkin, for he lay on the floor of the wagon, protected by the side-boards and the reins held tightly in his left hand. His other hand held a flaming bundle of sticks!

Just as Vic sped past the shack, he hurled the blazing faggot onto the dry wood of the small porch. Then he turned the corner and stopped the horse. A quick glance backwards told him that his plan had worked. The front of the old shack was now in flames!

That cut off Larkin's front exit, leaving only a small rear window. And when Larkin, in terror, climbed out of the trap, Victor Small was waiting for him! Before the killer could use his gun, Vic was upon him, bowling him over to the ground. Vic let Larkin get up. Now they were on equal footing.

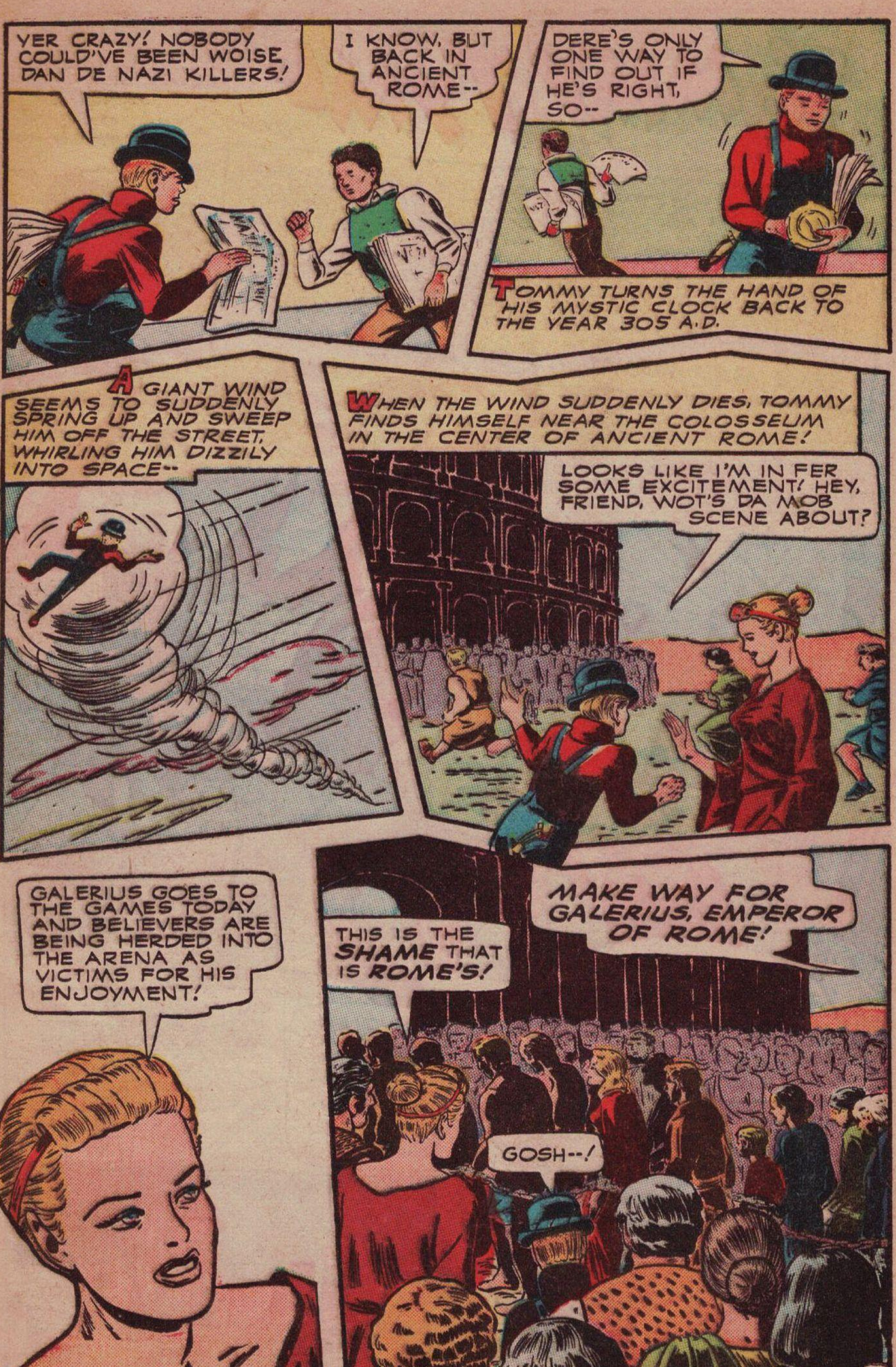
"All right, Larkin . . . this is payment for what you did to Gwanda. Let's see how *you* can take it!"

Then a powerful fist connected with Larkin's jaw. The latter staggered, shook his head to clear it. He raised both fists and leaped at Small. But Vic was ready for him. A flash of rights and lefts, and Larkin collapsed to the ground, beaten!

. . . A few days later, an expedition left the town, headed deep into the Congo. Victor Small and Gwanda trudged ahead, smiling but saying nothing. Larkin was held in jail, and the secret of the land of gold and ivory was still held in the minds of the young explorer and his faithful native friends!

THE END

TOMMY TYME
AND HIS WONDERFUL
CLOCK of the AGES
ALL DURING THE CENTURIES, TYRANTS HAVE RAVAGED THE FACE OF EUROPE! KILLING, PILLAGING, DESTROYING, SPREADING TERROR AND MISERY BUT ALWAYS HARVESTING THEMSELVES, WHAT THEY HAVE SOWED FOR OTHERS-- DEATH! TOMMY TYME TAKES THE MEMORY OF TWO EX-TYRANTS OF MODERN TIMES, BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES TO ANCIENT DAYS TO MATCH THEIR MISDEEDS AND INHUMAN CRIMES AGAINST THOSE OF-- "THE MAD MONARCHS OF ROME!"
D-143
READ ALL ABOUT DA NAZI WAR CRIMINAL TRIALS! HITLER GANG BEFORE JUSTICE!
WUXTRA! WUXTRA! PAPER, MISTER?
DEY SHOULD EXECUTE DAT GANG! DERE NEVER WUZ A WOISE BUNCH O' CREEPS IN HISTORY!
THEY WERE BAD ALL RIGHT, BUT THERE WAS A COUPLE OF KINGS BACK IN ANCIENT ROME ALMOST AS BAD!


YER CRAZY! NOBODY COULD'VE BEEN WOISE DAN DE NAZI KILLERS!
I KNOW, BUT BACK IN ANCIENT ROME--
DERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IF HE'S RIGHT, SO--
TOMMY TURNS THE HAND OF HIS MYSTIC CLOCK BACK TO THE YEAR 305 A.D.
A GIANT WIND SEEMS TO SUDDENLY SPRING UP AND SWEEP HIM OFF THE STREET, WHIRLING HIM DIZZILY INTO SPACE--
WHEN THE WIND SUDDENLY DIES, TOMMY FINDS HIMSELF NEAR THE COLOSSEUM IN THE CENTER OF ANCIENT ROME!
LOOKS LIKE I'M IN FER SOME EXCITEMENT! HEY, FRIEND, WOT'S DA MOB SCENE ABOUT?
GALERIUS GOES TO THE GAMES TODAY AND BELIEVERS ARE BEING HERDED INTO THE ARENA AS VICTIMS FOR HIS ENJOYMENT!
MAKE WAY FOR GALERIUS, EMPEROR OF ROME!
THIS IS THE SHAME THAT IS ROME'S!
GOSH--!

MAKE WAY THYSELF, PIG OF A TYRANT!
THE PEOPLE OF ROME ARE DISCONTENT!
DEN WHY DON'T DEY FREE DOSE POOR PEOPLE AN' KICK DAT FAT-BELLIED DRIP OFF HIS THRONE?
HMM! THOU TALKEST WORDS OF WISDOM! WILT THOU HELP ME TO RAISE THE PEOPLE TO ACTION?
I'M WIT' YUH!
GOOD! AFTER THE GAMES COMMENCE, WE SHALL GATHER A FEW STOUT FELLOWS AND LAUNCH THE ATTACK! THE PEOPLE WILL FOLLOW AND RISE WITH US!
A FEW HOURS LATER, IN THE SLAVE PENS OF THE ARENA, WHERE THE CAPTIVES ARE KEPT--
SLAY THE KEEPERS OF HUMAN FLESH!
AYE, BUT SLAY THEM QUICKLY!
YEAH! WE GOT T'INGS TO DO!
WORKING SWIFTLY, THE SMALL BAND OF DETERMINED ROMANS FREES THE CAPTIVES AND MAKES ITS WAY TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE ARENA--
THE SIGNAL FOR THE GAMES WILL SOON BLOW AND THE DOGS WHOM WE HAVE KILLED WILL BE EXPECTED TO BRING THE VICTIMS FORTH!
WE WILL THEREFORE PARADE BEFORE GALERIUS' ROYAL BOX, BUT INSTEAD OF BOWING TO THE EMPEROR, WE WILL KILL HIM! THAT WILL TOUCH OFF THE REVOLT!
TA-RA! TA-RA!
DAT'S IT, PLAUDIA, LET'S GO!

TOMMY AND PLAUDIA LEAD THEIR BAND TO THE EMPEROR'S ROYAL BOX, AND--
WHAT! YOU DOGS ARE NOT OF THE ARENA GUARDS! SEIZE--! AWK!
ATTACK! MOIDER DA BUMS!
STRIKE DOWN THE EMPEROR! FREE THE PEOPLE FROM TYRANNY!
AYE! STRIKE A BLOW FOR FREEDOM! KILL HIM, AS OUR ANCESTORS KILLED THE BEAST, NERO!
GUARDS! SAVE ME! RALLY 'ROUND THE EMPEROR!
NERO, HUH? DAT MUST BE DA OTHER CREEP JERRY WAS SPOUTIN' ABOUT. I GUESS I BETTER LEAVE GALERIUS TO DA PEOPLE AN' PAY NERO A LITTLE VISIT!
AGAIN TOMMY TWIRLS THE HAND OF HIS MAGIC CLOCK-- THIS TIME TO THE YEAR 68 A.D.--
--AND AGAIN HE IS WHISKED AWAY ON A STRONG WIND--
--TO BE DEPOSITED AGAIN IN THE STREETS OF ANCIENT ROME, ONLY THIS TIME, 237 YEARS EARLIER!
(COUGH! COUGH!) WOT GOES ON HERE?
TO THE HILLS! THE CITY IS BURNING! NERO HAS SET FIRE TO THE CITY!
TOMMY JOINS THE RUSH OF PANIC-STRICKEN CITIZENS TO THE HILLS--
LOOK! NERO'S WORK!
4.

AYE, NERO'S WORK! MY WIFE PERISHED IN THE FLAMES!
(SOB! SOB! A-AND M-MY CHILD!
HEY! WHAT'S DAT WHININ' NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE A HARP!
HO! HO! HO! HA! HA!
HE'S MAD! STARK, RAVING MAD!
'TIS HE--NERO!
HE'S A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER! DO WE STAND BY AND WATCH HIM LAUGH AT OUR MISERY?
NO! PUNISH THE ARSONIST! KILL THE DOG WHO WOULD BURN US ALIVE!
DIS IS ONE SCRAPE I'M STAYIN' OUTTA. BUT NERO'LL GET HIS, JUST LIKE DA TYRANT GALERIUS'LL GIT HIS, 237 YEARS FROM NOW, AND IN DA SAME TOWN!
THE ALARM ON TOMMY'S MAGIC CLOCK RINGS, SIGNALLING HIS RETURN...
B-R-R-RING!
..TO HIS OWN AGE AND TO THE STREET CORNER FROM WHICH STARTED HIS JOURNEY BACK THROUGH TIME--
SO YOU FINALLY WOKE UP, HUH? WHAT WERE YOU DREAMING ABOUT?
OH, ABOUT DOSE CRUEL DICTATORS YOU AN' ME WUZ JAWIN' ABOUT!
YEAH? WHAT'D YOU FIND OUT IN YOUR DREAM?
EVERYONE O' DEM TYRANTS WUZ PUNISHED BY DA PEOPLE DEY OPPRESSED! DAT PROVES DAT DA COMMON PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS HOLD DA REINS OF POWER!
NAZIS ON TRIAL!
The End

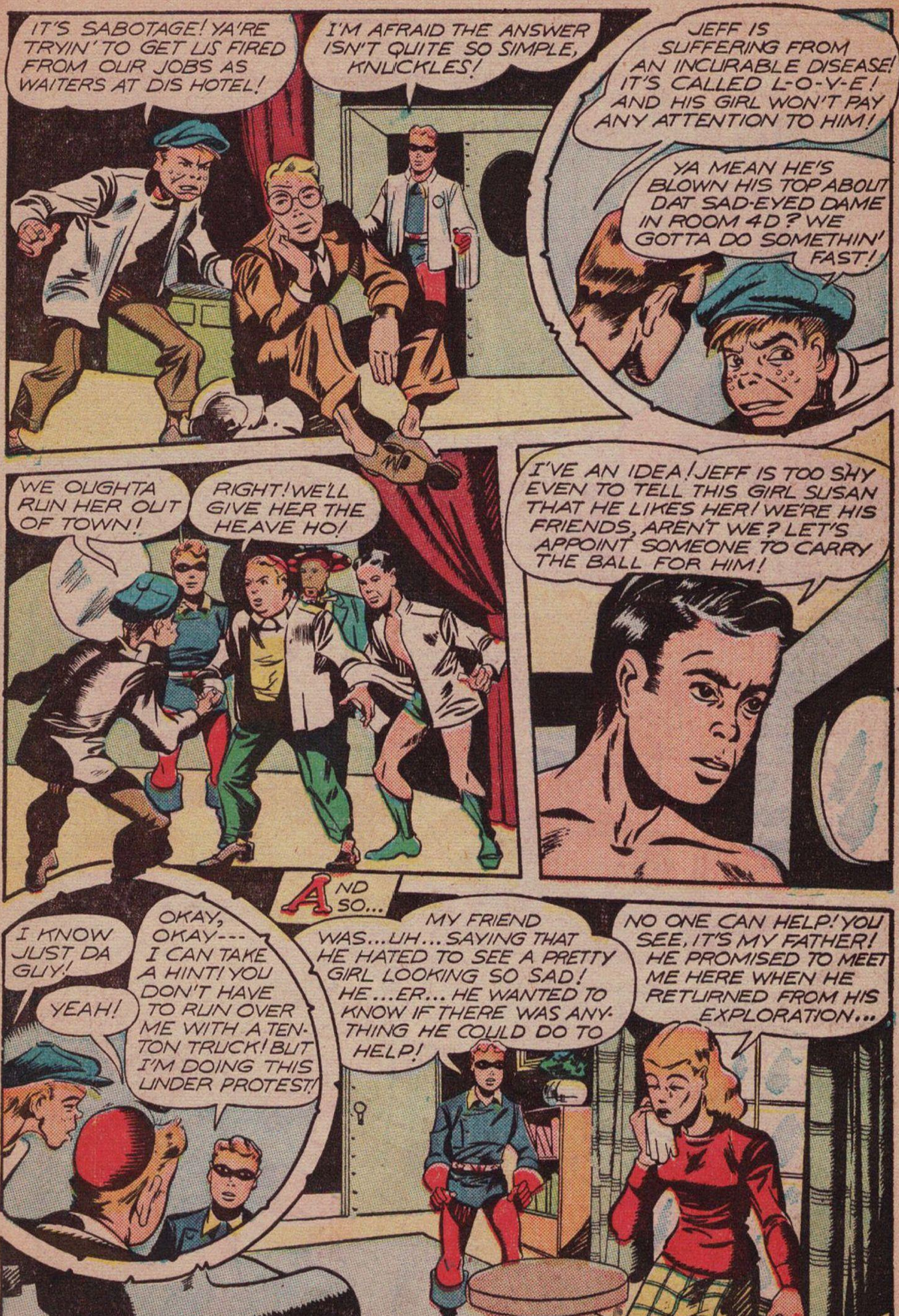
DON'T MISS
CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS
MARVEL COMICS
HUMAN TORCH
AMERICA'S MOST EXCITING THRILL-PACKED MAGAZINES STARRING YOUR FAVORITE FIGHTING HEROES!
THEY'RE NEW! THEY'RE MODERN! THEY'RE DIFFERENT!
Don't Miss Them!
ALL WINNERS
BUCKY—TORO
YOUNG ALLIES
SUB-MARINER

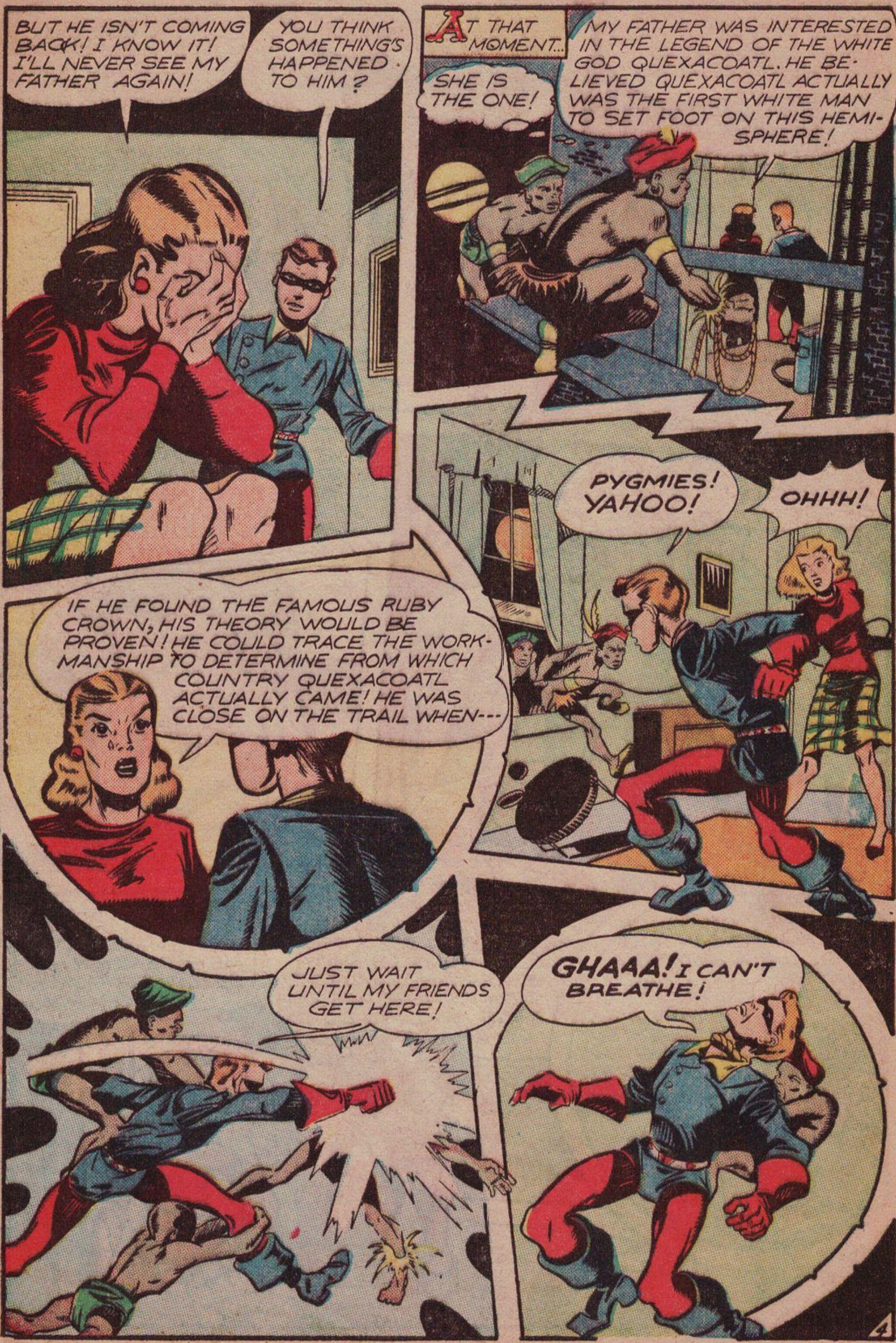
YOUNG ALLIES

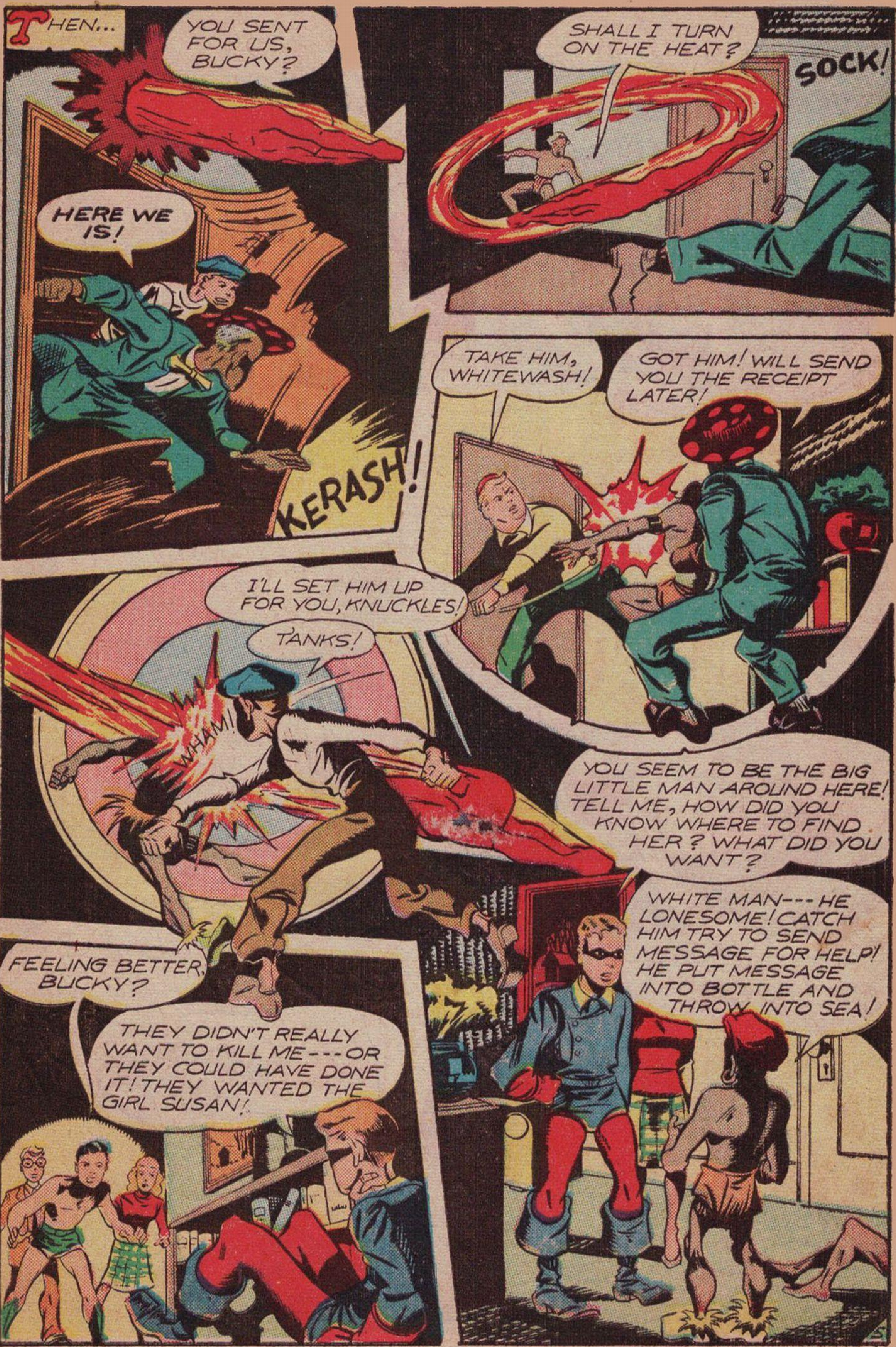
The **YOUNG ALLIES** could not understand why the girl was sad! The answer involved a man dead for 3,000 years, a strange island tribe, and a modern lord of the plunder-world! The **YOUNG ALLIES** follow a trail of suspense and terror to explore the mystery surrounding...

"THE CROWN of QUEXACOATL!"

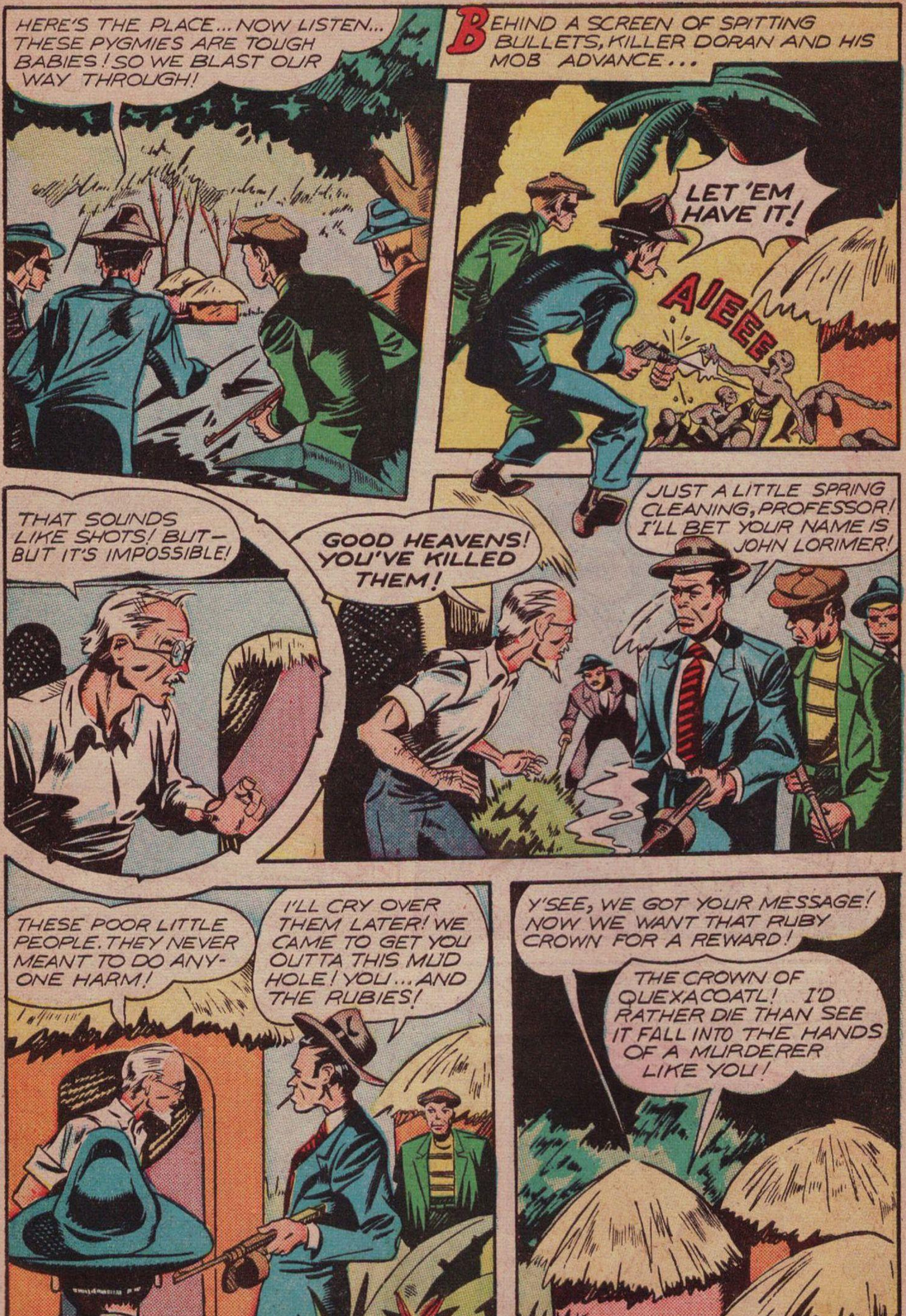
THROUGH THE DENSE FOG OF A GREAT CITY'S HARBOR GLIDES A STRANGE-LOOKING CRAFT...
...WITH AN EVEN STRANGER-LOOKING CREW...
HURRY! **AZAMBI BEMBA**!
GOOD GLORY! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!
I COULD SWEAR I SAW PYGMIES FLYING AROUND UP THERE! I GUESS THE MISSUS IS RIGHT! I NEED A VACATION!
THIS IS THE PLACE! THE ONE WE SEEK IS IN A ROOM BELOW! SHE WILL RETURN WITH US TONIGHT!
MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF ITS UNINVITED VISITORS, THERE IS ACTIVITY IN THE KITCHEN OF THE VAST HOTEL...
JEFF!
OH-OH! HE DID IT AGAIN!
CRASH! BAM!

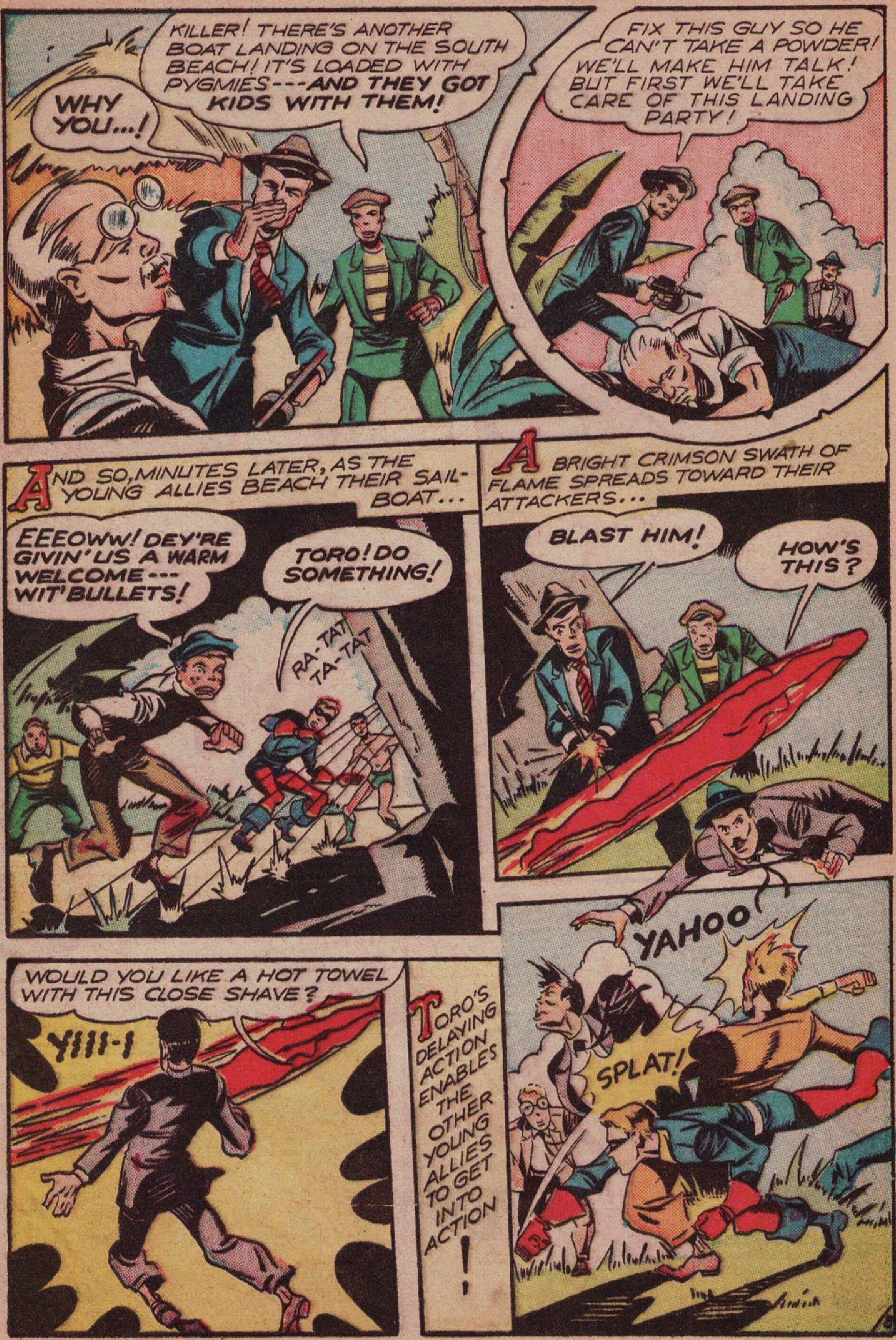

IT'S SABOTAGE! YA'RE TRYIN' TO GET US FIRED FROM OUR JOBS AS WAITERS AT DIS HOTEL!
I'M AFRAID THE ANSWER ISN'T QUITE SO SIMPLE, KNUCKLES!
JEFF IS SUFFERING FROM AN INCURABLE DISEASE! IT'S CALLED L-O-V-E! AND HIS GIRL WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM!
YA MEAN HE'S BLOWN HIS TOP ABOUT DAT SAD-EYED DAME IN ROOM 4D? WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' FAST!
WE OUGHTA RUN HER OUT OF TOWN!
RIGHT! WE'LL GIVE HER THE HEAVE HO!
I'VE AN IDEA! JEFF IS TOO SHY EVEN TO TELL THIS GIRL SUSAN THAT HE LIKES HER! WE'RE HIS FRIENDS, AREN'T WE? LET'S APPOINT SOMEONE TO CARRY THE BALL FOR HIM!
AND SO...
I KNOW JUST DA GUY!
YEAH!
OKAY, OKAY--- I CAN TAKE A HINT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN OVER ME WITH A TEN-TON TRUCK! BUT I'M DOING THIS UNDER PROTEST!
MY FRIEND WAS...UH... SAYING THAT HE HATED TO SEE A PRETTY GIRL LOOKING SO SAD! HE...ER... HE WANTED TO KNOW IF THERE WAS ANYTHING HE COULD DO TO HELP!
NO ONE CAN HELP! YOU SEE, IT'S MY FATHER! HE PROMISED TO MEET ME HERE WHEN HE RETURNED FROM HIS EXPLORATION...

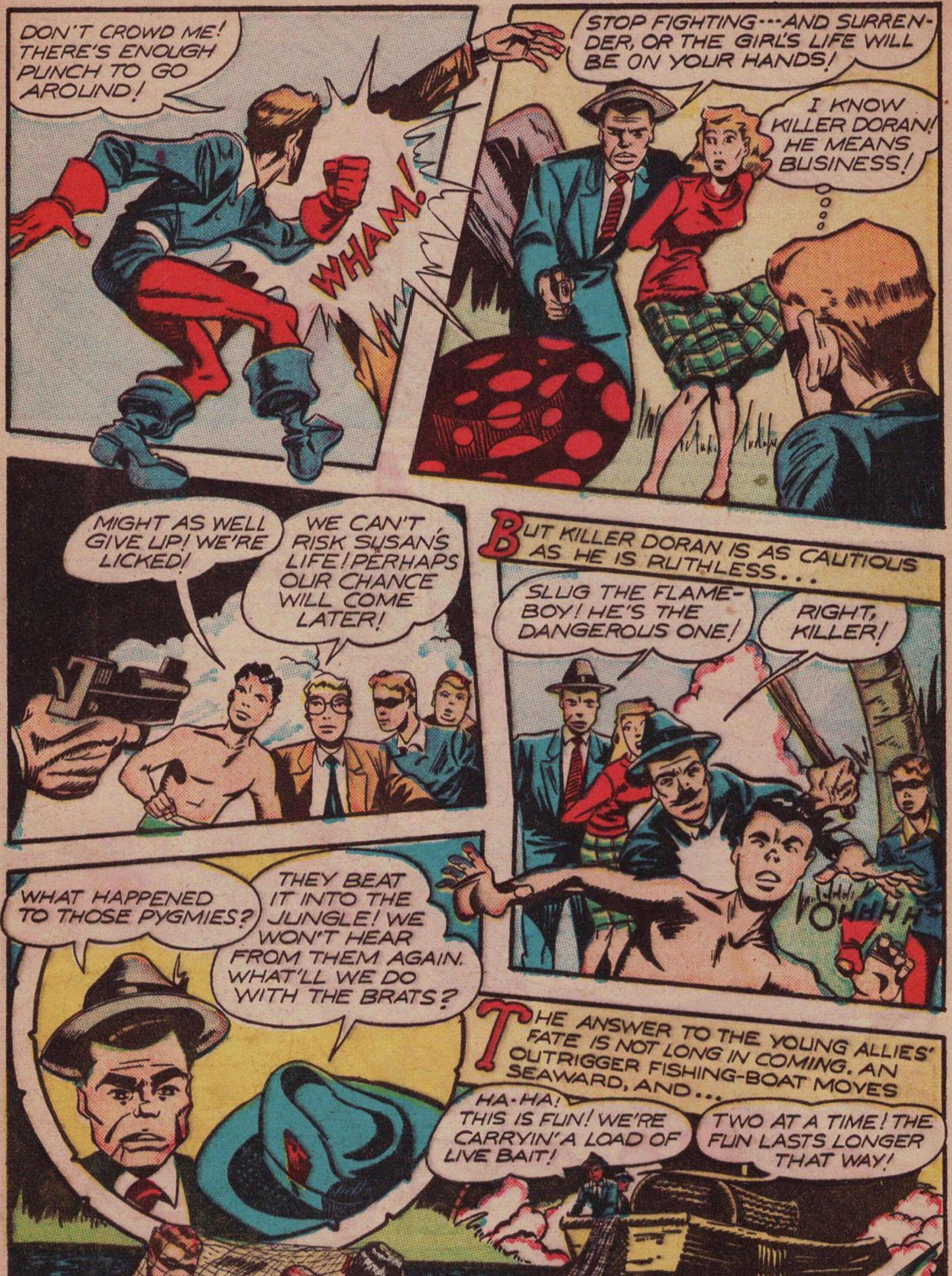

BUT HE ISN'T COMING BACK! I KNOW IT! I'LL NEVER SEE MY FATHER AGAIN!
YOU THINK SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
AT THAT MOMENT...
SHE IS THE ONE!
MY FATHER WAS INTERESTED IN THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE GOD QUEXACOATL. HE BELIEVED QUEXACOATL ACTUALLY WAS THE FIRST WHITE MAN TO SET FOOT ON THIS HEMISPHERE!
IF HE FOUND THE FAMOUS RUBY CROWN, HIS THEORY WOULD BE PROVEN! HE COULD TRACE THE WORKMANSHIP TO DETERMINE FROM WHICH COUNTRY QUEXACOATL ACTUALLY CAME! HE WAS CLOSE ON THE TRAIL WHEN---
PYGMIES! YAHOO!
OHHH!
JUST WAIT UNTIL MY FRIENDS GET HERE!
GHAAA! I CAN'T BREATHE!

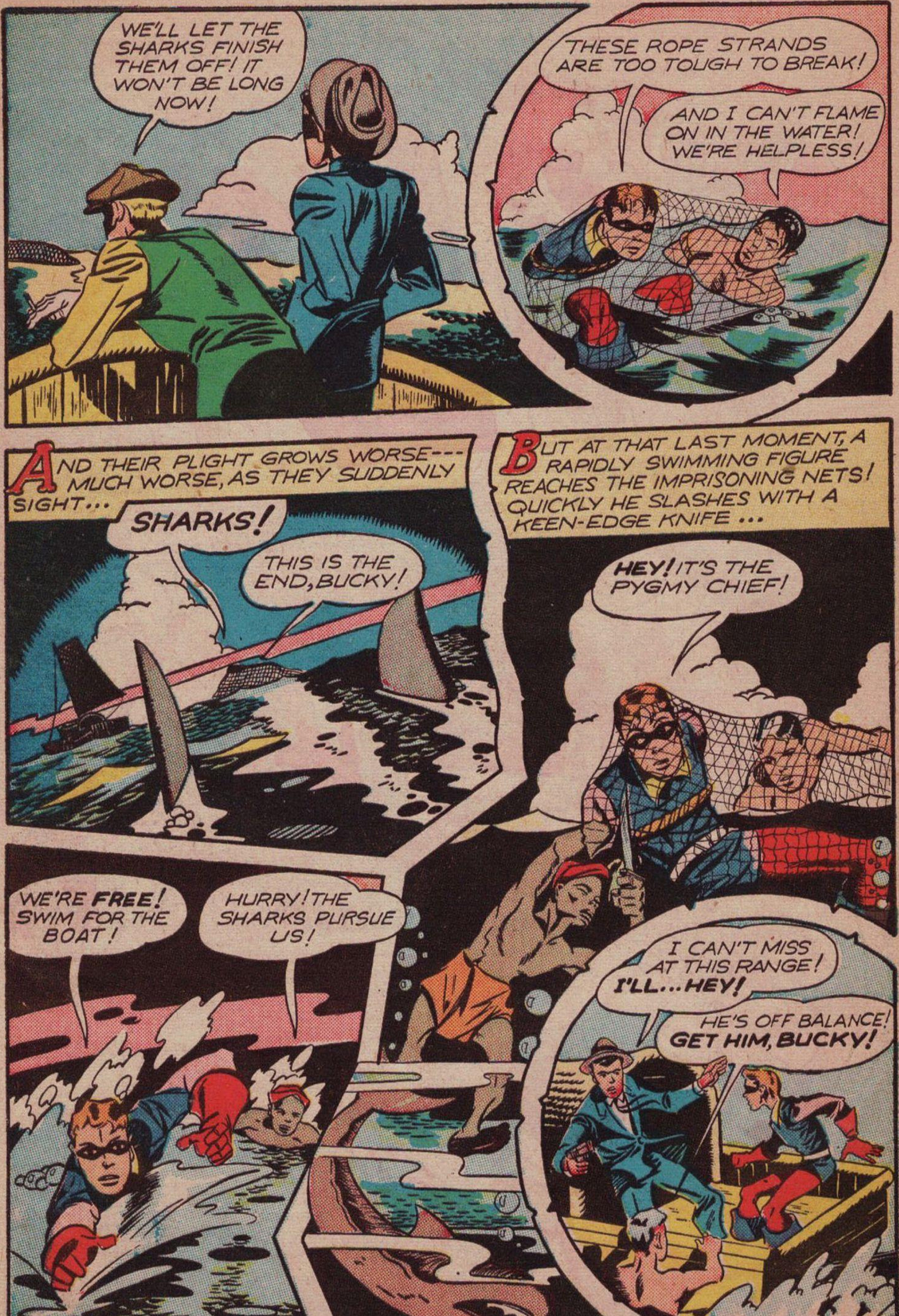

THEN...
YOU SENT FOR US, BUCKY?
HERE WE IS!
KERASH!
SHALL I TURN ON THE HEAT?
SOCK!
TAKE HIM, WHITEWASH!
GOT HIM! WILL SEND YOU THE RECEIPT LATER!
I'LL SET HIM UP FOR YOU, KNUCKLES!
TANKS!
WHAM!
YOU SEEM TO BE THE BIG LITTLE MAN AROUND HERE! TELL ME, HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND HER? WHAT DID YOU WANT?
WHITE MAN--- HE LONESOME! CATCH HIM TRY TO SEND MESSAGE FOR HELP! HE PUT MESSAGE INTO BOTTLE AND THROW INTO SEA!
FEELING BETTER, BUCKY?
THEY DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO KILL ME---OR THEY COULD HAVE DONE IT! THEY WANTED THE GIRL SUSAN!
5

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?
NO HURT! ONLY HE WILL NOT LEAVE WITHOUT SACRED CROWN! SO WE KEEP HIM SAFE! WHEN HE LONESOME, WE COME FOR YOU...
IF THEY WILL TAKE ME TO MY FATHER, I MUST GO!
SHE'LL NEED SOMEONE TO PROTECT HER, WON'T SHE, FELLOWS?
WE'LL BE SUCKERS AND STRING ALONG!
TOWARD A LITTLE KNOWN ISLAND OF THE PYGMIES, A SAIL-BOAT SETS ITS COURSE. BUT EVEN AS THE YOUNG ALLIES MEET THE CHALLENGE OF STRANGE ADVENTURE...
OTHER MEN ARE PUTTING ASHORE... HARD-FACED MEN WHOSE LEADER, KILLER DORAN, IS KNOWN TO THE POLICE OF THREE CONTINENTS...
HERE! READ THE NOTE AGAIN!
COMING THIS FAR BECAUSE A PUNCHY BEACH-COMBER FOUND A NOTE IN A BOTTLE! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME, KILLER!
captive of pygmies at lat 34, long 166 north by west. Have crown of rubies worth fortune. Pygmies won't let me leave island.. Send help! John Lorimer
JOHN LORIMER'S A FAMOUS EXPLORER WHO'S MISSING, AND THE DIRECTIONS HE GAVE US IS OKAY! THE STORY CHECKS SO FAR!
MAYBE HE'S KIDDING ABOUT THAT CROWN OF RUBIES! A GUY IN HIS SPOT WOULD SAY ANYTHING JUST TO BRING RESCUERS!
HE'D BETTER NOT BE KIDDING --- OR SOMEBODY WILL START COLLECTING HIS LIFE INSURANCE. NOBODY FOOLS KILLER DORAN --- AND LIVES!

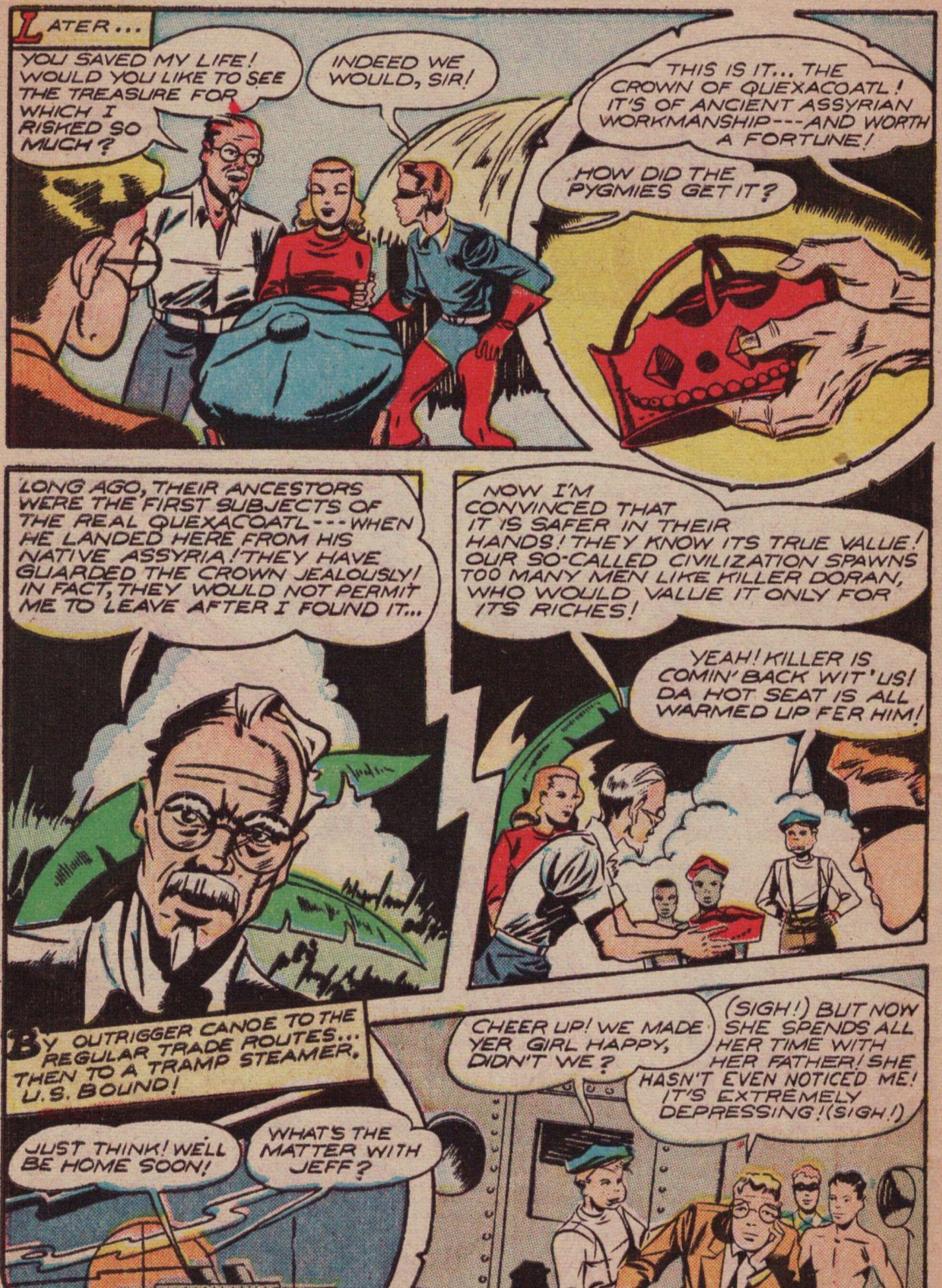

HERE'S THE PLACE... NOW LISTEN... THESE PYGMIES ARE TOUGH BABIES! SO WE BLAST OUR WAY THROUGH!
BEHIND A SCREEN OF SPITTING BULLETS, KILLER DORAN AND HIS MOB ADVANCE...
LET 'EM HAVE IT!
AIEEE
THAT SOUNDS LIKE SHOTS! BUT— BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
GOOD HEAVENS! YOU'VE KILLED THEM!
JUST A LITTLE SPRING CLEANING, PROFESSOR! I'LL BET YOUR NAME IS JOHN LORIMER!
THESE POOR LITTLE PEOPLE. THEY NEVER MEANT TO DO ANY-ONE HARM!
I'LL CRY OVER THEM LATER! WE CAME TO GET YOU OUTTA THIS MUD HOLE! YOU... AND THE RUBIES!
Y'SEE, WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE! NOW WE WANT THAT RUBY CROWN FOR A REWARD!
THE CROWN OF QUEXACOATL! I'D RATHER DIE THAN SEE IT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF A MURDERER LIKE YOU!


KILLER! THERE'S ANOTHER BOAT LANDING ON THE SOUTH BEACH! IT'S LOADED WITH PYGMIES---AND THEY GOT KIDS WITH THEM!
WHY YOU...!
FIX THIS GUY SO HE CAN'T TAKE A POWDER! WE'LL MAKE HIM TALK! BUT FIRST WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS LANDING PARTY!
AND SO, MINUTES LATER, AS THE YOUNG ALLIES BEACH THEIR SAILBOAT...
EEEOWW! DEY'RE GIVIN' US A WARM WELCOME---WIT' BULLETS!
TORO! DO SOMETHING!
RA-TAT TA-TAT
A BRIGHT CRIMSON SWATH OF FLAME SPREADS TOWARD THEIR ATTACKERS...
BLAST HIM!
HOW'S THIS?
WOULD YOU LIKE A HOT TOWEL WITH THIS CLOSE SHAVE?
YIII-I
TORO'S DELAYING ACTION ENABLES THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES TO GET INTO ACTION!
YAHOO
SPLAT!


DON'T CROWD ME! THERE'S ENOUGH PUNCH TO GO AROUND!
WHAM!
STOP FIGHTING---AND SURRENDER, OR THE GIRL'S LIFE WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!
I KNOW KILLER DORAN! HE MEANS BUSINESS!
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP! WE'RE LICKED!
WE CAN'T RISK SUSAN'S LIFE! PERHAPS OUR CHANCE WILL COME LATER!
BUT KILLER DORAN IS AS CAUTIOUS AS HE IS RUTHLESS...
SLUG THE FLAME-BOY! HE'S THE DANGEROUS ONE!
RIGHT, KILLER!
OHHHH
WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE PYGMIES?
THEY BEAT IT INTO THE JUNGLE! WE WON'T HEAR FROM THEM AGAIN. WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE BRATS?
THE ANSWER TO THE YOUNG ALLIES' FATE IS NOT LONG IN COMING. AN OUTRIGGER FISHING-BOAT MOVES SEAWARD, AND...
HA-HA! THIS IS FUN! WE'RE CARRYIN' A LOAD OF LIVE BAIT!
TWO AT A TIME! THE FUN LASTS LONGER THAT WAY!


WE'LL LET THE SHARKS FINISH THEM OFF! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!
THESE ROPE STRANDS ARE TOO TOUGH TO BREAK!
AND I CAN'T FLAME ON IN THE WATER! WE'RE HELPLESS!
AND THEIR PLIGHT GROWS WORSE--- MUCH WORSE, AS THEY SUDDENLY SIGHT...
SHARKS!
THIS IS THE END, BUCKY!
BUT AT THAT LAST MOMENT, A RAPIDLY SWIMMING FIGURE REACHES THE IMPRISONING NETS! QUICKLY HE SLASHES WITH A KEEN-EDGE KNIFE ...
HEY! IT'S THE PYGMY CHIEF!
WE'RE FREE! SWIM FOR THE BOAT!
HURRY! THE SHARKS PURSUE US!
I CAN'T MISS AT THIS RANGE! I'LL...HEY!
HE'S OFF BALANCE! GET HIM, BUCKY!

IT'S A PLEASURE!
SPLAT!
THANKS, CHIEF! YOU'RE A HANDY GUY WITH A ROPE!
HEY!
I PREFER TO USE FISTS MYSELF... LIKE THIS!
SOCK!
TORO! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE THE OTHERS!
I'M ON MY WAY!
MOMENTS LATER, ON THE BEACH!
TORO!
GIVE 'EM A HOT FOOT FER ME!
YIII! MY GUN'S MELTED!
ISN'T THAT A SHAME?
WHEN YOU HAVEN'T A GUN, THERE ISN'T MUCH FIGHT IN YOU!
WHAM!


LATER...
YOU SAVED MY LIFE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE TREASURE FOR WHICH I RISKED SO MUCH?
INDEED WE WOULD, SIR!
THIS IS IT... THE CROWN OF QUEXACOATL! IT'S OF ANCIENT ASSYRIAN WORKMANSHIP---AND WORTH A FORTUNE!
HOW DID THE PYGMIES GET IT?
LONG AGO, THEIR ANCESTORS WERE THE FIRST SUBJECTS OF THE REAL QUEXACOATL---WHEN HE LANDED HERE FROM HIS NATIVE ASSYRIA! THEY HAVE GUARDED THE CROWN JEALOUSLY! IN FACT, THEY WOULD NOT PERMIT ME TO LEAVE AFTER I FOUND IT...
NOW I'M CONVINCED THAT IT IS SAFER IN THEIR HANDS! THEY KNOW ITS TRUE VALUE! OUR SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION SPAWNS TOO MANY MEN LIKE KILLER DORAN, WHO WOULD VALUE IT ONLY FOR ITS RICHES!
YEAH! KILLER IS COMIN' BACK WIT' US! DA HOT SEAT IS ALL WARMED UP FER HIM!
BY OUTRIGGER CANOE TO THE REGULAR TRADE ROUTES... THEN TO A TRAMP STEAMER. U.S. BOUND!
JUST THINK! WELL BE HOME SOON!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH JEFF?
CHEER UP! WE MADE YER GIRL HAPPY, DIDN'T WE?
(SIGH!) BUT NOW SHE SPENDS ALL HER TIME WITH HER FATHER! SHE HASN'T EVEN NOTICED ME! IT'S EXTREMELY DEPRESSING! (SIGH!)
The End

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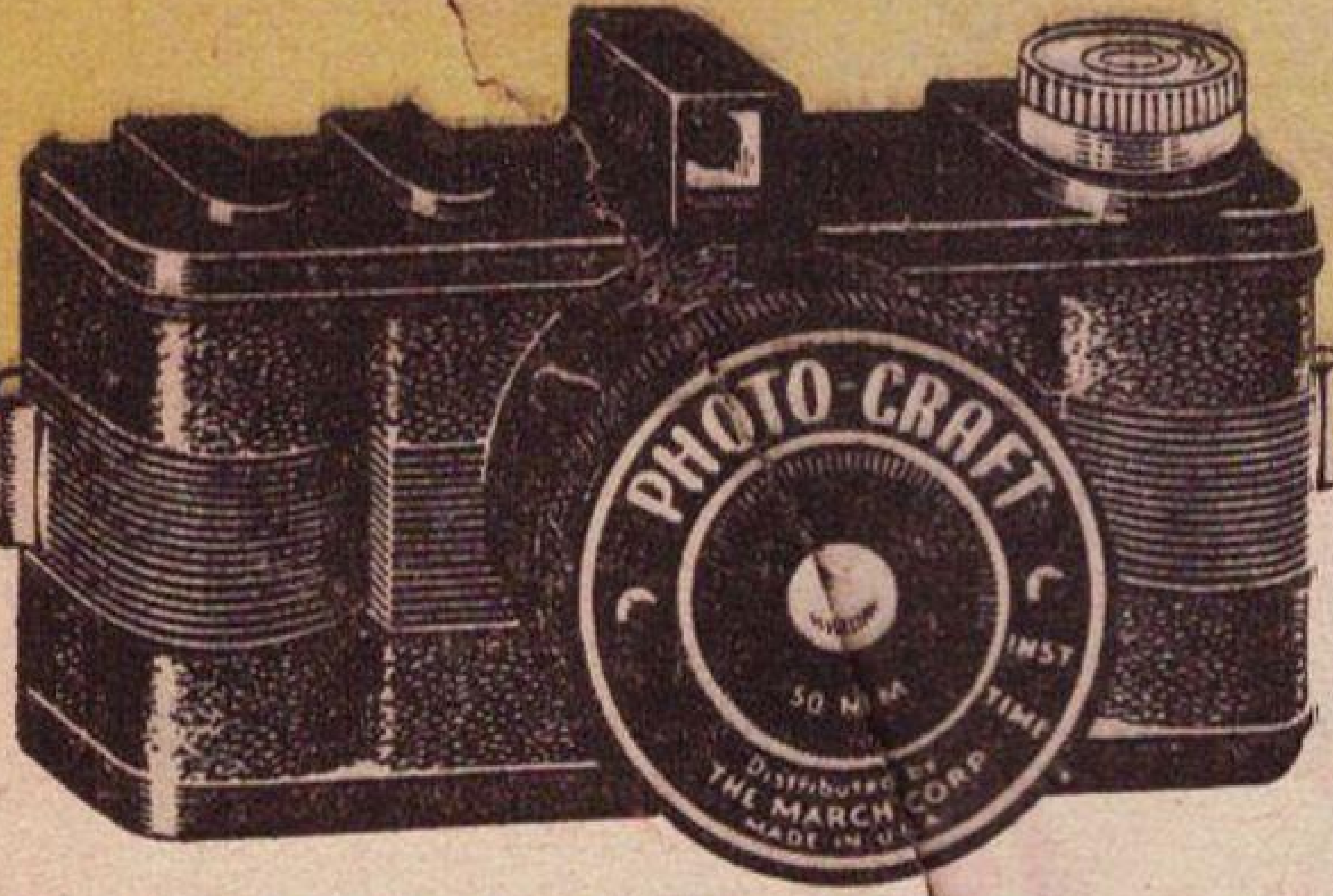

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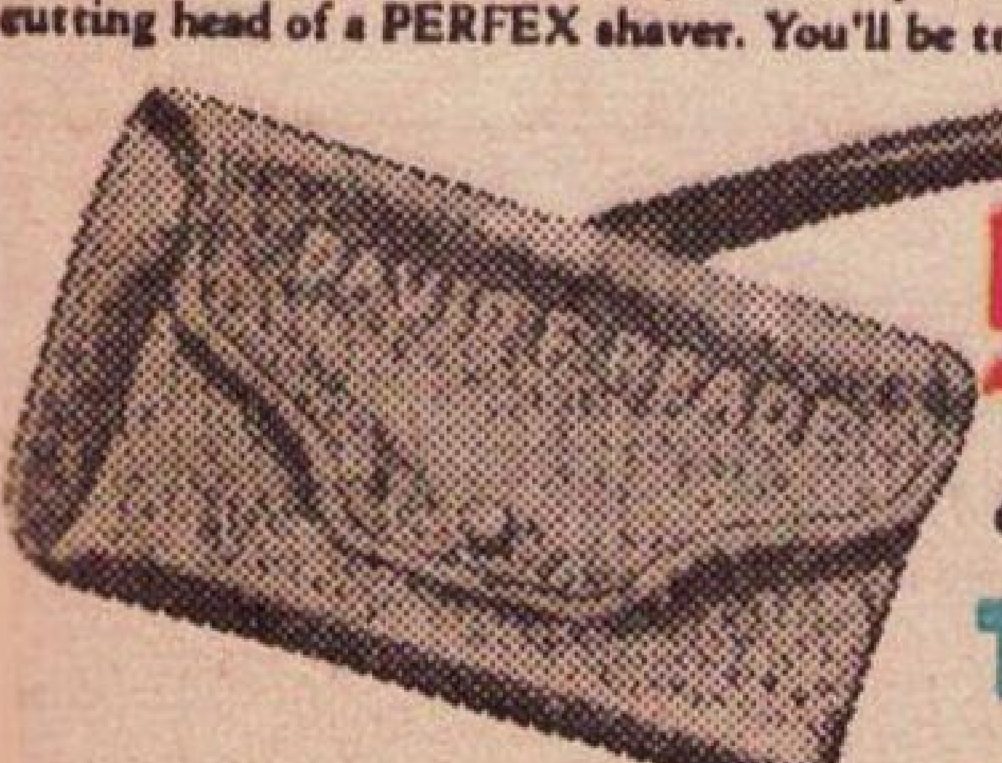

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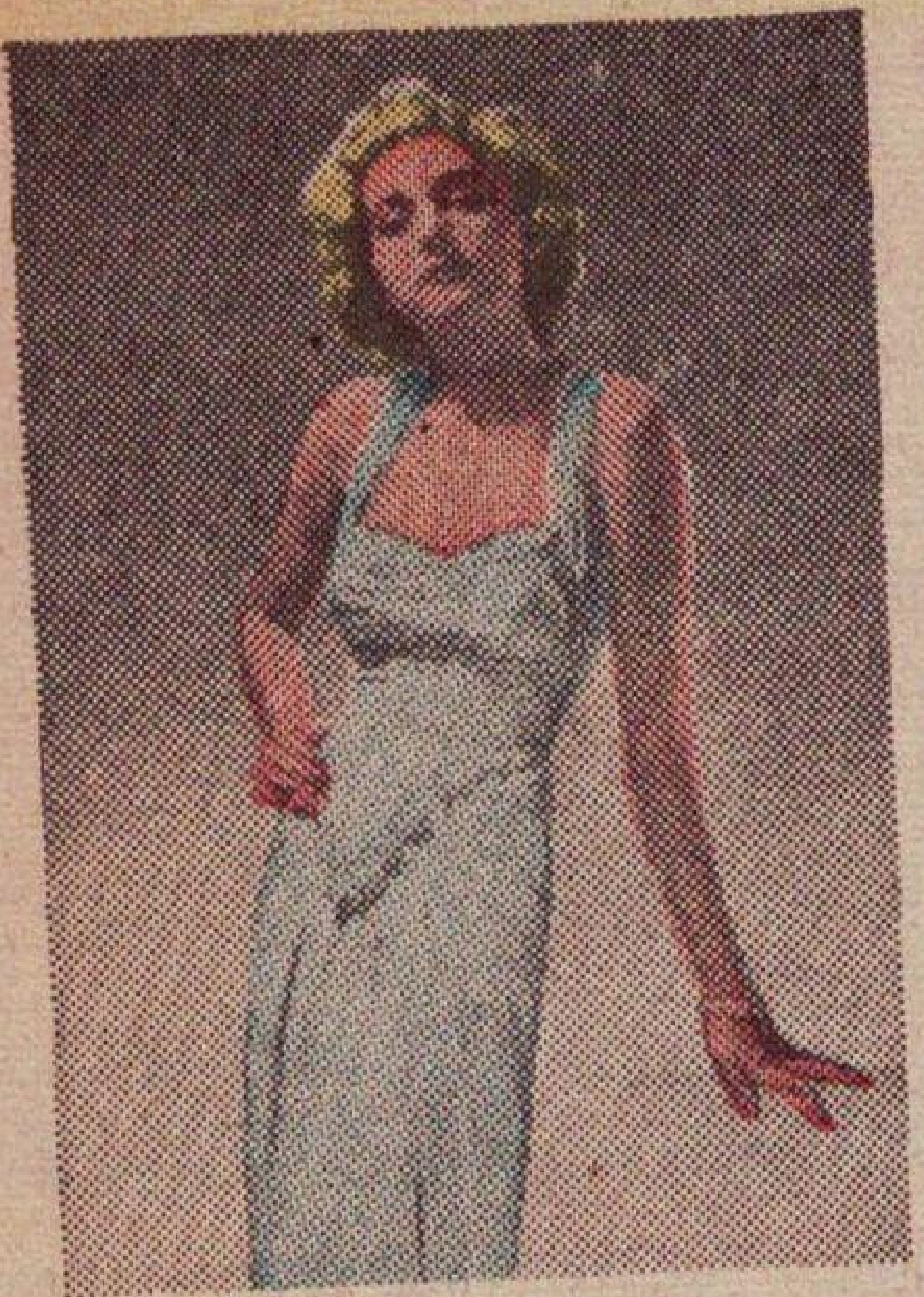

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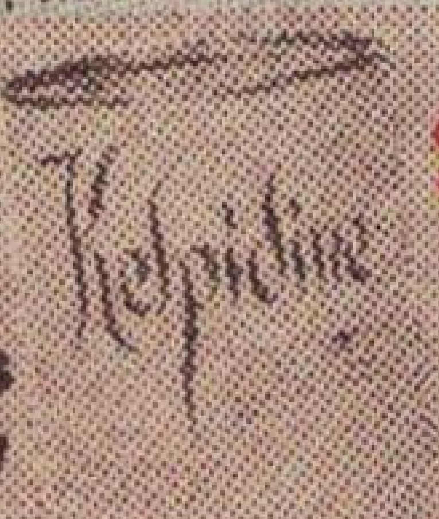

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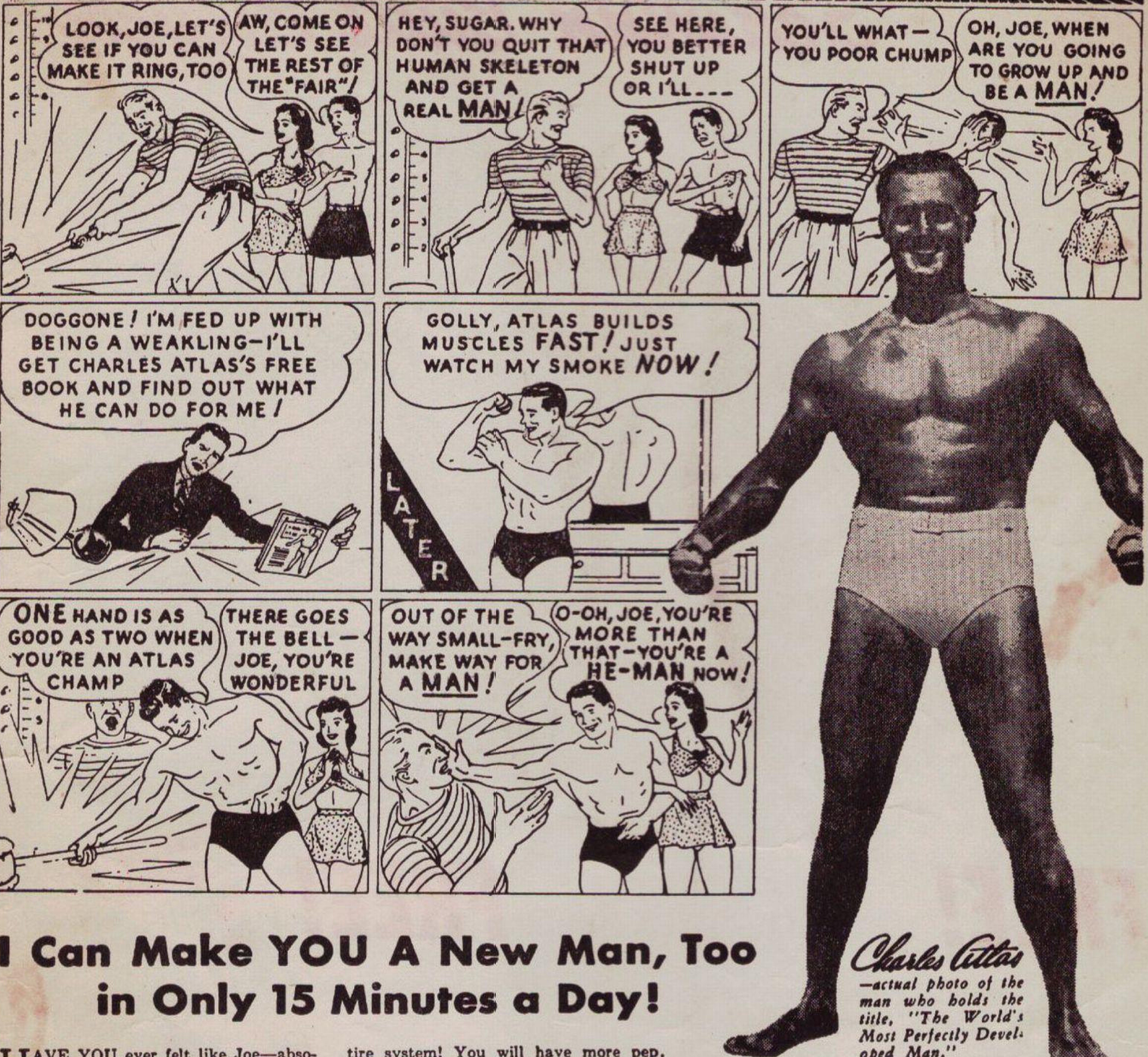
The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP


LOOK, JOE, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT RING, TOO
AW, COME ON LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE "FAIR"!
HEY, SUGAR. WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN!
SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL...
YOU'LL WHAT— YOU POOR CHUMP
OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BE A MAN!
DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING—I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME!
GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!
LATER
ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP
THERE GOES THE BELL— JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL
OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY, MAKE WAY FOR A MAN!
O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE MORE THAN THAT—YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!

Charles Atlas

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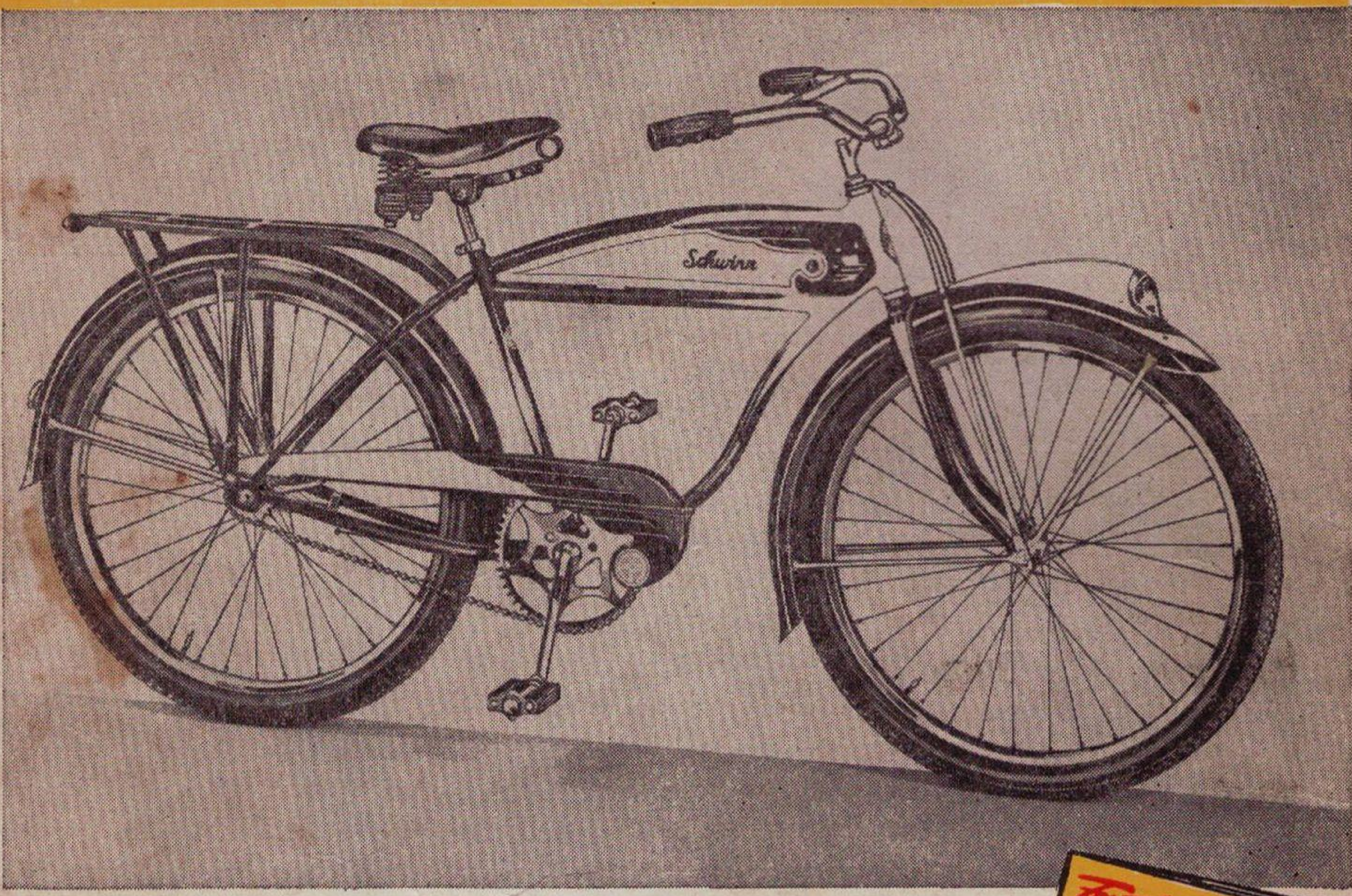

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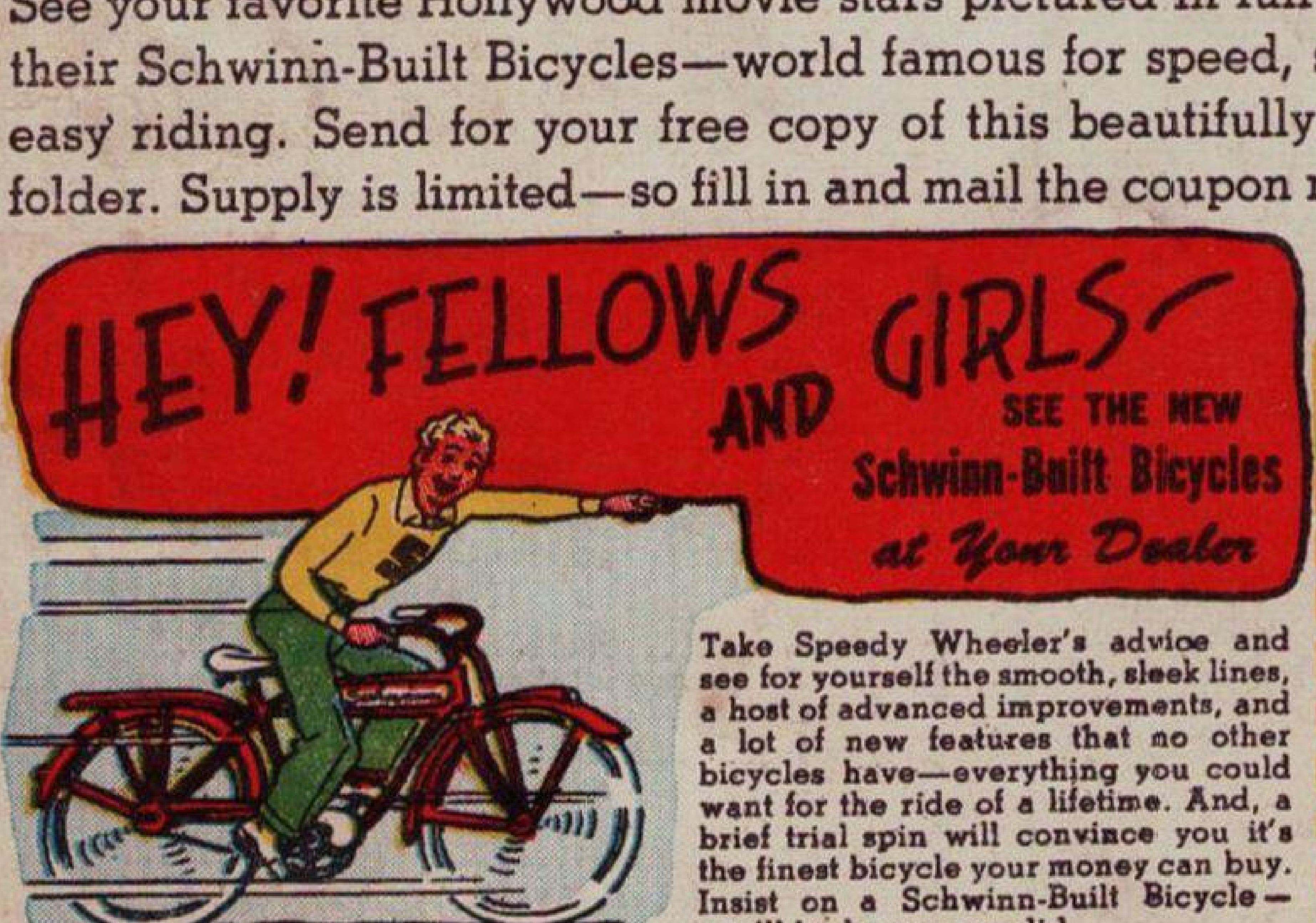
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